

# THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVI, NO. 4798

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1900.

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## GET AT THE FACTS.

There's no sentiment in the clothing business--the best for the price wins.

You look at our goods--that's the way to get the facts before you--style, quality and price altogether.

If ours are what we claim they are, nicest and best for the money, your prudence will move you to buy of us.

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**Window Screens,  
Screen Doors,  
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2 MARKET SQUARE.

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A Great Assortment Of  
**Chain and Chainless Wheels.**

CLEVELAND, WOLFF AMERICAN, STERLING,  
CRESCENT, B. & D. SPECIAL, WESTFIELDS,  
COPLEYS, WOLVERINES. Also the FAY  
JUVENILE LINE.

See The **CLEVELAND CHAINLESS,**

The Lightest And Easiest Running.  
A VERY LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SUNDRIES.  
-- RIDER & COTTON. --

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Now is the time to buy HARNESSSES; we have a few at low prices. They will be higher.

**JOHN S. TILTON'S**  
Congress Street.

**REINWALD'S CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.**  
Students Taught all Branches of Music by the best-known teachers in New England.  
Violin, Cornet, Clarinet, Piano, Trombone, Guitar, Mandolin and Cello.

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Music Furnished For  
WEDDINGS, CONCERTS, BALLS, PARADES, ETC  
Apply at No. 6 Court Street,  
R. L. REINWALD, Bandmaster, U. S. Naval Band

## HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

### STATE NEWS.

Items of Interest to People in This Part of New Hampshire.

The young child of Frank A. Higgins of Exeter drank washing fluid while visiting in Newfields, but medical aid saved its life.

Morshal Fogarty of Dover is to have a stop made to the practice of loafing in doorways. He has received numerous complaints.

Charles Pidgers of Dover has purchased the Sea View house at York Beach.

Burglars continue to operate at Hampton and this morning sometime after midnight, they entered the postoffice and the store of Warren Batchelder. A window was forced in the postoffice and a rear door in the Batchelder store. The parties had their labor for their pains, nothing of much value being carried away.

A Manchester sergeant, while drunk on the camp grounds at Concord, was arrested, court martialled and dishonorably discharged.

Thursday was governor's day at the state camp grounds.

There was no foundation in the report that murderer Joseph Kelley had committed suicide or had been shot by a guard while attempting to escape from the state prison.

There will be a grand celebration at the Weirs on the Fourth of July.

There were twenty-five in the graduating class of Dover's high school.

### NOTES FROM CAMP.

Items Concerning the Work of Co. B. At Concord.

CONCORD, June 21st.  
The regiment will probably break camp on Friday, directly after dinner.

The mock guard mount which is given every evening by the Rochester company, affords much amusement for the visitors.

Today the command was reviewed by the governor and his staff.

The guard detail for the company today was Privates Snow and Berry.

Inspector General Wheeler made an official inspection of the companies at 10:30 o'clock this morning.

The regiment held a practice review on Wednesday afternoon.

Corporal Lane and the guard had quite a lively time on Wednesday evening, chasing a soldier who had been arrested and escaped while being taken to the guard house. He was captured after a long chase across the camp grounds and was returned to the guard house.

A large crowd visited the camp grounds today to witness the regiments pass in review.  
W. J. KEHOE.

### CLASS RECEPTION.

Wentworth Hall in Kittery the Scene of a Very Pretty Party.

The reception by the class of 1900, Kittery High school, in Wentworth hall on Thursday evening, was one of the prettiest ever held in the town. The reception was from eight to nine and dancing was started at nine, the grand march being composed of about forty-five couples. The floor officers were George H. Marden, director, Delbert M. Stewart, assistant, and the following aids: Joseph M. Heeney, Bertram F. Moore, Alvah H. Frost, Harold W. Frisbie, Thurston D. Patch, Stephen Boulter.

Joy & Philbrick's orchestra of this city furnished the music for the occasion and their selections were greatly appreciated. The reception brought to a close a most important event for the members of the class and they leave old Army hall with the best wishes of the entire townspeople.

### OBITUARY.

Mrs. Maria Thompson.

Mrs. Maria Thompson, wife of John L. B. Thompson, died at Hampton, Wednesday afternoon, after a two weeks' illness of Bright's disease. She was born in Hampton, June 15, 1840, the eldest daughter of Edwin and Sarah Shaw. There survives her a widower, her aged mother, a son, two brothers and a sister.

A blessing alike to young and old; Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; nature's specific for dysentery, diarrhoea and summer complaints.

### MUNICIPAL.

Palm leaf fans were being vigorously used at the city building on Thursday evening, when Mayor McIntire called the board of aldermen together for a regular meeting.

The records of the preceding meeting were read and declared approved.

Petition of residents on Sagamore road, between South street and Sagamore, for the changing of the name of the thoroughfare to Granite State avenue, was granted unanimously.

Petition of Charles A. Wendell for an asphalt sidewalk in front of his residence on Hill street was referred to committee on streets.

Petition from several of the junk dealers asking that all dealers be licensed was referred to the city solicitor, for report.

Health Officer E. B. Prime appeared before the board and stated why the board of health had ordered Messrs. Hett and Lydston to clear up back yards in the vicinity of Market square. They had tried to find the ones at fault, but none acknowledged the corn and the bill was saddled on the city. Ald. Garrett moved that the bill be paid. Ald. Phinney moved as an amendment that the matter be referred to the city solicitor. The amendment prevailed unanimously.

Clerk Adams of the common council appeared and reported the passage of two joint resolutions and the non-concurrence of the council on the appropriation bill and the appointment of a conference committee of three members.

Ald. Phinney moved that a committee of three be appointed by the mayor to confer with the council committee. Ald. Phinney, Whitehouse and Pray were appointed.

A recess of ten minutes was declared. After an absence of nearly three-quarters of an hour the aldermen reassembled and were called to order.

Chairman Phinney of the conference committee reported that the two committees could not agree. While the council would not budge on the police and electric lighting appropriations they would agree on the school appropriation, providing some other appropriation was cut. On motion of Ald. Garrett the report of the committee was accepted.

On motion of Ald. Pray a new committee consisting of Ald. A. N. Wells, Garrett and Rand was appointed by the chair to tackle the obdurate council and see what they could do.

Another recess was then declared.

Another thirty minutes of time was consumed and then the committees rose and reported to their respective boards.

They agreed to make the street light appropriation \$15,000, police \$12,000 and schoolhouses \$2000.

After a short discussion the board refused to accept the compromise by a vote of seven to three, Ald. Rand, Blaisdell and Garrett voting yes.

Ald. Phinney handed in a communication from Daniel Littlefield, which stated that Ald. Blaisdell had visited Mr. Littlefield and asked him his price to the city for pipe. The latter replied that sixty-seven per cent. off had been his former price, but owing to the rise in pipe sixty-five per cent. off was what he ought to get. Ald. Blaisdell did not come near him again to see if he could shade the price a little.

The board was of the opinion that Ald. Blaisdell had done his duty and that Mr. Littlefield had no cause for complaint.

Ald. Phinney, chairman of the committee on schoolhouses, was authorized to make repairs on the schoolhouses, not exceeding the expenditure of \$2500. \$1400 of the appropriation has already been expended.

City Clerk Moore stated that the police department thought that they should have exclusive control of the police ambulance and asked to be relieved as custodian of the same. On a yeas and nays vote of seven to three the ambulance was turned over to the city marshal to place in some stable at the best terms he could arrange.

It was voted to adjourn for two weeks.

### TEA TABLE TALK.

I understand that Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Kano fooled the throng of intending throwers of rice, old shoes and other tokens of affection, when they started on their wedding tour. They rode to Kittery, and boarded the train there instead of in this city. I don't blame them. It can't be much fun for a bridegroom to get six or seven quarts of rice kernels down his neck and a pair

of number nine boots in the snarl of the back, before a carful of chuckling strangers.

John Gault must be as popular in Manchester, as he was here in Portsmouth. It's a knock that he has. The Manchester Mirror tells me that the members of the graduating class at the Webster street school, in the Queen city, (of which he is the principal) have presented to him a handsome gold watch and chain, in grateful recognition of all that he has done for them. It will not surprise Mr. Gault's numerous Portsmouth friends to learn that he suits in his Manchester position.

Acquaintances of mine who were so fortunate as to be present at the musical recital given by the pupils of Miss Florence Whidden in Conservatory hall, on Wednesday evening, the 20th inst., agree that it was an occasion of extreme charm. They say that all who did not attend missed a rare treat. It undoubtedly was a notable advancement of Miss Whidden's prestige in local musical circles.

Hon. Cy Salloway greatly enriched the transient newspaper literature connected with the national convention at Philadelphia. About all the leading journals of New York, Philadelphia and Washington caught him either for funny anecdotes, funnier cartoons or graphic sketches of his personality and appearance. Whenever the tall congressman chances to visit the Quaker town henceforth, he will be no stranger there, but his figure will be a familiar one to the residents.

Sammy Gardner has had to take a lot of chaffing since the baseball game at Hampton beach on Wednesday. And all because he was so unfortunate as to miss a slow grounder in the last inning, when two men were out, after which the Exeters made their winning runs. In justice to him, I want to say that he had played a fine game all the way, up to that time, and is hardly deserving of the "roasts" that have come his way because of that one error.

Already local theatergoers have commenced to speculate upon the nature of the attractions of next season. They may rest assured that many strong companies will be brought to Music hall for their enjoyment. Varied and pleasing as was the list of plays last season, the bookings for next will probably outclass them in number and merit. Before the curtain slides up on the first one, the playhouse will likely have been spruced up charmingly by painters and carpenters.

### ACROSS THE RIVER.

Brief Notes From Kittery Gathered For Herald Readers Today.

Mrs. Clarissa Fernald, a married woman, was arrested on Thursday morning on a warrant issued by Charles Philbrick, charging her with drunkenness and disorderly conduct on his premises at the lower village the evening previous. The arrest was made by Constable George Gibson. At three o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Fernald was arraigned before Justice S. B. Neal and found guilty. The court imposed a sentence of thirty days at the Alfred jail and costs. Mrs. Fernald is a neighbor of Mr. Philbrick and it is alleged that he has been disturbed by her conduct for some time past.

The class ode of Thursday's graduating class was the composition of Miss Eva Farwell and it was a very creditable bit of work. Miss Farwell is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Farwell. The many friends of Miss Vienna Stimpson have reason to be proud of the talent this young lady displayed on Wednesday evening at the exhibition of the junior class of the Kittery High school, at which entertainment Miss Stimpson assisted by a vocal solo. Her voice gave agreeable evidence of cultivated pure tone and she displayed perfect control. The HERALD representative has heard many expressions of such import and takes pleasure in making a note of such.

The republican caucus for the election of delegates to the state and district conventions will be held at Frisbee's hall, Kittery Point, Saturday afternoon at half-past two o'clock. Every republican should attend. The most important business to come before the caucus will be the election of a town committee. The right committee will be elected, even if a majority of those who attend lose half a day's work to do the business.

The restaurants did a big business on Thursday noon, the delegates from the Odd Ladies' convention filling them to overflowing.

### A SYMBOLIC LANGUAGE.

What an Educated Chinaman Has to Say of Its Peculiarities.

The Chinese language is a purely symbolic language. All other languages are phonetic or alphabetical. In all the phonetic languages the sounds that are heard in the spoken language are analyzed or split up into a few elementary sounds which by combination form words. To each of these few elementary sounds an arbitrary sign on paper is assigned, and these signs constitute the alphabet. Thus in any European language and in any other language except Chinese the sound of the voice in speaking is the basis of the written language. They are all phonetic. If the same sound is used to represent two or more ideas, this makes no difference. The appropriate letters of the alphabet are used, and the writer relies upon the neighboring words to prevent absurdity.

The Chinese written language is totally different from this. It has no alphabet at all and no approach to an alphabet, but proceeds on a different basis, which will be best brought home to an American by a simple illustration: When traveling recently in Belgium, I had occasion to examine a railway time table, and there I found that certain railway stations where refreshments might be procured were marked by a little representation of a wine cup.

This is Chinese writing. What mode of writing could be briefer or more to the purpose or more unmistakable? You see the drawing of a glass, it stares you in the face, and you know that refreshments there await your exhausted frame. The symbol expresses an idea quite apart from the spoken utterance of that idea.

The chief disadvantage of any phonetic system is that since the writing follows the sound, and sound of a language is constantly changing, the written language changes too. This change is less rapid since the discovery of the art of printing, but there is still a gradual change. There is no fixity, no element of permanency in such a language. But symbolic language never changes. As long as the idea to be expressed remains the same idea it is expressed the same way. The work written in Chinese thousands of years ago can be read now with ease and certainty.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE OFF AND THE NEAR HORSE.  
He Enlightened Her on a Mystery to the Feminine Mind.

They were driving around the White lot.

He had been expatiating upon horses in general and the two in front of them in particular.

After he had been talking for half an hour about the superiority of the near horse over the off horse as a stepper she said: "I wasn't raised among horses, you know. Therefore I haven't the slightest idea whether the near horse is on the right hand of the driver or not. Is he?"

"No," the young man answered, "and you may comfort yourself and your sex with the assurance that only about two men out of ten know that the off horse is on the right side of the driver. Nearly everybody thinks that the near horse is on the right hand because he is the 'nearest' animal to the driver."

"The designations arose this way: In the days of positions the driver rode the left hand horse, as he does today when the driver rises. Station yourself at F and Tenth streets any day when the big hay wagons come into town, and you will observe a survival of the ancient custom. The driver rides the wheel left hand horse invariably. This horse is, therefore, the 'near' horse to him, and the right hand horse is the farthest or the 'off' horse."

"In a four-in-hand team the 'wheelers' are the rear team and the 'leaders' the front team. Consequently when your horse young lady friend talks about the 'off' leader of their four-in-hand quartet going lame from 'scratches' you will know that the right hand front horse is laid up with a raw sore in the folds of the skin above the posterior portion of the hoof directly under the fetlock, and as the muscles of the leg here corrugate and expand with every step, as those of the human wrist when it is bent toward the body, you may know that she won't 'tool' with that horse for some time to come."—Washington Star.

And Heard It All Before.

The Younger—I wonder what my wife will say when I get home at this hour?

The Elder—I wish I had your chance for entertainment. I know by heart every word mine will say.—Indianapolis Press.

Easily Misled.

"Who is that man who is eternally talking to you about the brevity of human life? Is it the minister?"

"Minister! That's an insurance agent."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Hood's Pills

Do not gripe nor irritate the alimentary canal. They act gently yet promptly, cleanse effectually and

**Give Comfort**

Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

## Lawn Mowers

AND

## Grass Knives Sharpened.

G. B. CHADWICK & CO.

MACHINISTS,

11 BOW ST.

## Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions

And Coverings.

## R. H. HALL

Hamover Street Near Market.

We Are Now Receiving Two Cargos of

## PORTLAND CEMENT

AND THE

## HOFFMAN CEMENT

The only lot of fresh cement in the city

We have the largest stock and constant shipments ensure the newest cements.

## J. A. & A. W. WALKER

137 MARKET ST.

## Gray & Prime

DELIVER

## COAL

IN BAGS

NO DUST NO NOISE

11 Market St Telephone. 4-2

## UP-TO-DATE BOOTS AND OXFORDS

## DUNCAN'S,

5 Market St.

Our OXFORDS are the handsomest, easiest, coolest and most up-to-date shoes made.

An inspection will convince any man or woman that we are justified in saying we have the finest and most fashionable leathers, most correct and latest shapes. All prices from \$1.25 to \$5.00.



## THE ALLIES AT PEKING.

Admiral Seymour Reaches Capital After Hard Fighting.

## THE REBELLION IS SPREADING.

Emperor Reported Killed—The Dowager Empress Reported to Have Committed Suicide—Boxers Burn Churches at Tientsin.

London, June 21.—Reports from Chinese sources, which are credited by the foreign officials in Shanghai, say the legations at Peking were safe Sunday, Admiral Seymour, with the relieving column, having reached Peking that day.

A dispatch from Shanghai, published in the second edition of The Times, says the story comes on the authority of the Tientsin Sheng. A news agency dispatch from Shanghai says:

"After an anxious march and frequent fighting with the Chinese, Vice Admiral Seymour arrived at Peking Sunday afternoon. On five occasions the Chinese attacked the column in great force. There were many mounted men among the Chinese, but most of the natives were badly armed. At times they fought with admirable courage and bravery. The losses of the Chinese during the march are estimated at 500 killed. The losses of the foreigners were trifling.

"The exact state of affairs inside Peking is impossible to describe, in view of the many conflicting reports, nothing having been received from the legations or foreigners there. Surprise is expressed at the fact that a large force of Indian troops has not been ordered here."

The Italian consul at Shanghai has wired to the Italian foreign minister, Marquis Visconti Venosta, that the legations are safe.

Imperial Palace Reported Burned.

The latest story sent out by the Shanghai press is that the Chinese Emperor, Puyi, and his family, who have fled to the Imperial Palace at Peking, have been ordered to leave the palace and to take refuge in the city.

Wire communication between Tientsin and Peking is still closed. Merchant steamers are not allowed to proceed to Tientsin, and vessels on their way there have returned to Chefoo. Correspondence with Tientsin is difficult. The Chinese Merchants' company has ceased sending vessels northward.

Shanghai asserts that an understanding exists between Great Britain and the viceroys of Nankin and Wuhan, which accounts for the quietness in the Yangtze-Kiang valley. It is reported that Sin is executing large bodies of suspects daily.

The British armored cruiser Unadmiral arrived at Wusung yesterday, and a precautionary measure the cleared for action while passing the island.

In the house of commons today William St. John Brodribb said the consul at Tientsin had telegraphed confirming the reports of the Boxer outbreak there and the burning of churches and a great number of Chinese houses. The Chinese troops made a visible effort to resist the Boxers in their attack on the settlement, but the foreign guard killed about a hundred of them.

The rebellion is spreading far and wide. There is an impression in diplomatic circles here and on the continent that the allies have not yet grappled with the situation effectively and that even 50,000 troops would be powerless to do much to control the millions of people in China's 4,000,000 square miles.

Word From Admiral Kempf.

Washington, June 21.—The navy department has received the following statement from Admiral Kempf, dated June 20. He says the "Taku forts were captured by the other foreign forces and that heavy firing was heard at Tientsin on the evening of the 17th. He is making common cause with the foreign powers for general protection. There are 300 American ashore. On May 21 the number of foreign troops at Peking was 400. There are 6,000 men ashore now at Chefoo, and about 3,000 troops, Russian, German and English, have just arrived."

Trouble Expected at Canton.

Hongkong, June 21.—The Chinese expect trouble at Canton on the departure of Li Hing Chang for Peking. It is rumored that the forces have received orders to fire on any foreign warship attempting to pass. A gunboat is kept here under steam in case of emergency. There is no warship at Canton.

Hawaiian Government.

Chicago, June 21.—A special to The Record from Honolulu June 13, via San Francisco, June 20, says that Governor Dole has practically decided on his appointments to territorial offices. They are: Alton T. Atkinson, superintendent of public instruction; John A. McCall, superintendent of public works; Fred J. Lowery, treasurer; Edmund T. Hale, attorney general; Arthur M. Brown, high judge; N. A. Austin, auditor; Professor W. D. Alexander, surveyor; and Jacob Brown, commissioner of public lands. Police David Kawakawa has been chosen chairman of the Democratic delegation to the Kansas City convention. Foreign office passport, the last ever to be issued, was issued to the delegates. They sail today by the Australia.

Florida Democrats Indorse Bryan.

Jacksonville, Fla., June 21.—The Democratic convention adopted a platform the main features of which are the indorsement of William J. Bryan for president, the denunciation of trusts, demand for the repeal of all war taxes, 16 to 1 ratio of congressional representation, control of corporations, especially railroad, direct vote for United States senators, a graduated income tax and reduction of the tariff to a revenue tax.

Brown University Wins Big Gift.

Providence, June 21.—After considerable discussion on the part of the officers of the corporation of Brown university during the past few weeks the anonymous donor is made that a cash and property have been received amounting in the aggregate to \$1,000,000. Only a week ago over \$100,000 was being paid to come to college the conditional gift of \$250,000 from John D. Rockefeller.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

Hamburg, N. Y., June 21.—The boiler of a portable steam engine, used to pump a sewer, exploded near the village of Eden, Erie county, last evening, instantly killing three men. The dead are John Fleming, 35 years old, Alexander Fleming, 30 years old, Bert Matsumoto, 21 years old.

## HUNTER IN KRUGERSDORP.

Metuchen Hunts Boer Forces, and Kitchener Is Nearly Captured.

London, June 21.—Lord Roberts reports that General Hunter has occupied Krugersdorp, west of Johannesburg, without opposition, and that General Lord Metuchen has routed a Boer force which was opposing his entry into Heilbron in the Orange River Colony.

The story of Lord Roberts since June 16 had disposed some persons to believe that his line of communication had been cut again, especially as, according to the latest news from the Orange River Colony, the Boers were known to be still hovering about the railway north of Krugersdorp.

The news came in the following dispatch from Lord Roberts:

"Hunter's advance column occupied Krugersdorp without opposition on June 18."

Metuchen, who was escorting a large convoy to Heilbron, yesterday, routed a force under Christiaan De Wet, who endeavored to prevent him from entering the little town. Metuchen had only three casualties.

"Baden-Powell left this city today on his return to Rustenburg. The country is quieting down in that direction. This satisfactory state of affairs will be materially assisted by the capture, between here and Heilbron, on June 19, of two guns by Hunter's mounted infantry from a body of the enemy under Commandant Duppessis."

"Railway and telegraph communication with Cape Town is now completely restored. All is quiet here and at Johannesburg. The shops are open, and the market is daily becoming more crowded and businesslike."

## AMNESTY TO FILIPINOS.

President Issues a Proclamation Which May End Resistance.

Washington, June 21.—Secretary Root said last night that the text of the amnesty proclamation will be made public today in Manila and Washington simultaneously. It will be issued by General MacArthur and is done by direction of the president. The proclamation gives a free pardon to all Filipinos who have participated in the rebellion against the United States, the only condition being that they take the oath of allegiance and acknowledge the sovereignty of the United States government. It excludes no one except those who have violated the laws of war. The proclamation, the secretary said, will speak for itself and will go into effect immediately.

It is confidently believed that the result of the proclamation will be quiet submission of those Filipino leaders who have not yet given their adhesion to the control of the islands by the United States. The proclamation of a proclamation of amnesty has been under consideration for some months, and the decision to issue it at this time was reached only after advice from a number of sources that the time was ripe and that assurances had been received that it would meet with a worthy response from those to whom it was addressed. It has been made known to the administration that the influential classes among the Filipinos were anxious for an end of hostilities and for a resumption of commerce free from the harassments of small bands of armed men.

The vigor of the pursuit of those bearing arms, it was likewise reported, had diminished the Filipino soldiers still hold out, and many were willing to surrender on a promise of their personal safety.

In addition a better understanding of the purposes of the United States toward them is now understood to prevail among the Filipinos, so that their hostility to American control has abated in a considerable degree.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

This Change a Year May Show in a Married Man.

This is a year before marriage. He is making her a call. He is at the front door looking for her. He has been thinking all day of her. He has been thinking of her black, collar spotted, his form dith outside, his gloves drawn on for the first time, his hair newly parted and oiled, his face newly shaven. His heart palpitates for her. His nerves are nervous for her. He fears she may be out or that her parents may object or worse than that, some other fellow may be there with her. The door opens. She is there and alone. He is happy.

It is a year after marriage. He is ringing at the door. His face is unshaven, his collar much worn, his boots undarkened, his hair unbrushed. He rings again in exactly ten seconds. He gives the bell a short, portentous pull. He is thinking of her. He is grumbling that she doesn't answer it sooner. He has not all day been thinking of her. He has gone further maybe and fared worse. Now she opens it. He pushes past her and comes in. "Take you forever to answer that bell."

His unbrushed boots sound sudden as he ascends the stairs. She follows mockingly after. He dashes into the room and around the house and sings out, "Isn't dinner ready yet?" She bids him to be patient for a moment, but he won't—because dinner isn't ready within one minute after he gets home because this is the one year after marriage; because the bloom is off the rose, the down rub of the peach and various other considerations because it's the way of the world, of man, of matrimony. O tempo! O Mores! O matrimony!—Pearson's Weekly.

Shakespeare's House.

The house in which the master bard was born is located in Henley street, Stratford-upon-Avon, England. Washington Irving said of this famous abode of genius: "It is a small, mean looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nothing place of genius, which seems to delight in hating its offspring in by contrast. The walls of its equal chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks and conditions, from the prince to the peasant, and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature."

Several years ago the house was purchased by subscription with a view to the permanent preservation of it and of its contents for the inspection of future generations.

## A FLY LEAF POEM.

(To a little girl with a story book—"Wynne," by Evelyn Sharp.)

Here in this book the wise man said  
A world exactly like our own  
From fairy tale to talking fish  
There's a thing each person with  
Sawyer little mind the you  
Never read a story through.  
Through a story little book  
Little maid shall never look.  
—William Watson in London Academy.

## ABOUT BOOMS.

One That Started With a Half Finished Mill and Ended With a Finished Week.

Some one had asked the ex-boomer from Oregon to describe the theory and practice of his late profession. "Every boom," he said, "is a project, which may range from a projected railroad to a salubrious climate, and its promoter, whose real object may be almost anything imaginable, but is generally a desire to lay off some particular piece of property, and boomers are as various in inception and development as their pretenses and promoters."

"The most successful and far-reaching boom is a disturbance far beyond the power of description. Capital and speculation are, however, the only vital necessities elements for the creation of a small sized boom, and it is possible that one experienced man may represent both of them and be wholly and directly responsible for a boom of considerable magnitude."

"I may cite as an example of such a boom my own experience with a sawmill which I had started to build for a neighbor of mine. I finished the mill, adding planer, shingle and box-making machinery and an electric light plant to the original plans, and began running day and night. With the first lumber sawed I constructed a spur to the mill from the railroad near by, built a large general merchandise store, a blacksmith shop and a hotel, all of which I operated myself, and about 60 cottages which I rented to my employees. I also secured the establishment of a railroad, telegraph and express station, and a postoffice, and soon had a bustling little town started. I managed to find some employment for every man, woman and child that wanted it, and had more money in circulation in the country than the oldest inhabitant had ever before known of. To keep the mill going after the legitimate local demand for lumber was satisfied, I began to stock new yards in the two nearest county seats, paid up a number of mortgages, and built new barns, corncries and sheds all over the place."

"At the end of three months after the mill had started running I had about exhausted my capital, but had gained a reputation that nearly sent me to the state legislature that year, and, more to my purpose, had received several offers to incorporate or sell my business. The best of the offers I finally accepted, and transferred the whole layout to a number of moneyed men for the state capital for a price that gave me a net profit of \$10,000."

"The following summer I spent abroad. On my return six months later the property was in the hands of a receiver and it was sold at auction in the following year for \$6,000."—New York Sun.

## Can You Keep a Secret?

A secret, like an oyster, cannot be kept too close, for the moment it is opened it ceases to exist.

A French philosopher says, "A man is more faithful to the secrets of another than to his own; a woman, on the contrary, preserves her own secret better than that of another."

The explanation given for woman's propensity to let the cat out of the bag is that she is afraid she might die, and then there would be no one left to keep it.

None is so fond of secrets as he who doesn't mean to keep them. Such a person needs secret-keeping to get money—for the purpose of circulation.

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?"

"Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody who could?"

Secrets are poor property. If you circulate them you lose them, and if you keep them you lose the interest on the investment.

"What are you sealing up in that envelope so carefully, Jiles?"

"Important instructions that I forgot to give my wife before I came to town this morning. I'm going to send it to home."

"Will your wife open it at once?"

"Rather! I've made sure of that."

"Have addressed it to myself, and put a big 'Private' on the corner of the envelope."—London Tit-Bits.

## Not Anxious to Sell.

I like to visit New York. The manner in which business is there done reminds me of home—it is so different. Over in the next town I have an old friend who keeps a general store. He carries one-gallon rakes in stock—an antiquated pattern and a muddy, wartime price. A customer who needed a rake objected to the price.

"Well," said the old man crossly, "you can take it, or leave it, just as you please."

"You don't seem very anxious to sell goods," said the customer.

"I don't know as I am tamed anxious to sell that rake," was the answer. "If I do, I'll only have to order another one."—Hardware.

## STATE OF FRANKLIN.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY.

When What Is Now Tennessee Was a Part of North Carolina, the District of Washington and an Independent State—An Act of the Legislature.

The state of Franklin once formed in area, if not in population, an important part of the Union. It had its executive, legislative and judicial departments, exercised governmental functions, maintained a respectable militia, flourished, and then, after a varied experience, completely disappeared from the "sisterhood of the states." Franklin, the state of Franklin, has received scant attention, and to the majority of the present generation its identity with the state of Tennessee seems almost as mythical as that of Plato's Atlantis with the American continent.

A few thousand mountaineers, in a remote wilderness, infused with the principles which inspired the Revolution, had landed together and formed a state government of the country. While North Carolina, in 1776, its inhabitants, under the leadership of Captain Sevier, petitioned the North Carolina legislature to be annexed to that state in order to contribute their share toward national independence. As the expenses of the war bore heavily on the Old North State, her legislature was only too glad to divide the burden.

The petition was granted, and what is now Tennessee formed a part of the United States. The manner and conditions of the cession were repugnant, and the people felt that they had not only been trifled with, but subjected to two years of anarchy and disorder. Calling a convention in August, 1781, they formed the state of Franklin. The North Carolina legislature, realizing its error, hastened to undo its mistake and reannexed the Washington district. The inhabitants of Franklin rejected the offer, and reannexation, and Captain Sevier, though at first inclined to advise a return of allegiance to North Carolina, yielded to an overwhelming public sentiment and accepted the governorship of the new state. He was inaugurated at Wataga on March 1, 1783. Some sort of order was now established, at least for a time. A court was created, the militia thoroughly reorganized and peace effected in all parts.

But the peace did not long prevail. Contentions arose which kept the young state of Franklin in a constant turmoil. Congress still asserted jurisdiction. A reaction, stimulated by disappointed office seekers, ensued among those who had been most clamorous for the new state. Jealousy of Sevier's success animated his rivals, who henceforth sought to make his life a burden. The population was divided into the Franklin and the North Carolina factions. Elections were held and appointments made under the laws of both states. Two sets of officers claimed authority, each nullifying the acts of the other. One faction would steal the public records from the other, only to be treated in like manner in turn. The courts were in a chaotic condition. Wills could not be proved, titles perfected or justice administered. No taxes were paid. Marriages performed by officials of one faction were not recognized by the other.

Still the determined young state fought for its life. It exercised even federal power and authorized the coinage of specie, though its chief medium of exchange continued to be the skins of wild animals. Finally emissaries were sent to the North Carolina legislature to make overtures of peace. The address of Franklin's representative was a model of eloquence, fervid in the Franklin of the era. But it was upon unheeding ears. No recognition would be made of the rebellious state.

The last session of the Franklin legislature was held in September, 1787. That there was then no intention of surrender is evident from one of the acts of the legislature, which has been preserved and is interesting as an example of primitive legislation. The law is as follows:

"Be it enacted by the general assembly of the state of Franklin, that it be and it be enacted by the authority of the same, that from the 1st day of January, 1788, the salaries of the officers of this commonwealth be as follows, to wit:

"His excellency the governor, per annum, 1,000 deer skins.

"His honor the chief justice, 500 deer skins.

"The secretary to his excellency the governor, 300 racoon skins.

"The treasurer of the state, 450 racoon skins.

"Each county clerk, 300 beaver skins.

"Clerk house of commons, 200 racoon skins.

"Members of the assembly, per diem, 3 racoon skins.

"Justice's fee for a warrant, 1 muskrat skin.

"Constable for serving a warrant, 1 muskrat skin.

Enacted into a law the 18th day of October, 1787, under the great seal of the state."

Meantime Governor Caswell of North Carolina issued his proclamation declaring the government of Franklin illegal, stigmatizing its officers and adherents as rebels, and demanding surrender and acknowledgment of the authority of North Carolina. The Franklinites refused, and it was only when forced by a superior military force that they yielded. The state ended its short-lived career with a sort of judicial fate. Sevier, of course, was arrested and prosecuted. During the proceedings an ardent Franklinites rushed into the presence of the court and dramatically offered to the popular libel then on trial. In the uproar that followed Sevier walked out of the courtroom and was not again molested. Years afterward he was elected first governor of Tennessee.

The state of Franklin was obliterated, its territory forming part of North Carolina ever more, until 1790, when, under the name of the District of Washington, it was ceded to the federal government. June 1, 1790, it was duly admitted to the Union.—Chicago Post.

## A POET READING HIS POEMS.

Tennyson Inspired His Hearers With Deep Emotion.

It was usually in the afternoon that Tennyson would do this, and any of the other poets who thronged his house, by reading to us some of his poems. I have heard him read "Guinevere," and many other of his poems. He read in a sort of recitative, somewhat monotonously, at times and always rhythmically, but with such deep emotion that the effect was indelible. I once asked him to read "Beauchamp," because of its singularly sonorous title, and he did so, though he did not regard it as much more than an experiment in language and meter.

Two of his readings are impressed on my memory with special vividness. One was "The Revenge," which he read to a distinguished company whom he met at dinner at my house at Westminster. Among them was my parishioner, the late lord chancellor, Lord Halsbury—one of the best and greatest men of whom I ever knew—seated when Mr. Tennyson seemed to be immediately drawn. The effect of his reading of that noble piece was like that of a vivid picture, as his rich, sonorous voice rose and fell with the changes of the impassioned story.

The others were much longer readings. He read us the whole of "Queen Mary" before it was published. It has never been among the more popular of his works, and I believe that on the stage even with Sir Henry Irving to help, it was not a dramatic success, but as the poet interpreted it by his sympathetic reading I had never before so deeply felt the tragedy of the life of that miserable queen, with her discarded body, her disappointed love, her blighted hopes and the sour, gloomy, cruel, impulsive fanaticism which she took for religion and the service of her God. As I read, breath on breath of gloom seemed to be falling, fold after fold, upon the life of the unhappy woman, and his own voice was often broken by emotion. I specially, however, remember the ring of triumph with which, after the successful repression of Wyatt's rebellion, the queen is first made to say, "My foes are at my feet, and I am queen," and with still more rapturous passion, "My foes are at my feet, and Philip king."

I also specially remember his reading of the poem of "Akbar's Dream." He read me much about Akbar which was entirely new to me. For breadth and wisdom of thought this poem must always take a very high place.—Rev. F. W. Farrar in New York Independent.

## THE PERSIAN JEWELS.

Nowhere Else in the World Are Such Wonderful Treasures.

Who has not heard of the Persian jewels—their glory, their number, their priceless worth? When the doors were unlocked, and I was taken into the peacock throne room, I found myself surrounded by a mass of wealth unequalled in the world. Nowhere are such treasures, but nowhere also is there such an accumulation of rubbish. I will, however, dismiss the rubbish and refer only to the treasures. Down each side of the room were chairs entirely covered with sheeted gold, and at intervals were tables of gold, nailed. I shuddered to note, with the commonest of cheap black headed tacks!

At the far end of the room was the wonder of the world—the peacock throne. Whether it is one of the seven thrones of the great mogul, and was brought from Delhi, I don't know, but it is certainly the most costly ornament that the eye of man can look upon. I inspected it most carefully. It is entirely of silver, a great camp bed structure, but modeled in lovely designs. It is incrusted from end to end and from top to bottom with diamonds. At the back is a star of brilliant diamonds, you think. The rug on which the shah sits is edged with precious stones, and the pillow on which he reclines is covered with pearls. I could keep on writing about the dazzling beauties of the throne of the king of kings, but I could never get beyond declaring it to be a superb jewel. Some people have valued it at \$5,000,000. Its real value is between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000.

But though the peacock throne is the magnificence of the Persian crown jewels, it by no means extinguishes the magnificence of the other treasures. Who can attempt, however, to recount the number of bejeweled arms, the royal crowns, the fishing aglets, the trays piled up with cut and uncut stones and the bowls filled with pearls that you run through your fingers like a handful of rice? Every one has heard of the Durian-Nur, or Sea of Light, a star of diamonds, the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light. Every one has also heard of the Globe of the World, made by the late shah, of 75 pounds of pure gold and 51,366 gems—the sea of emeralds, Persia of turquoises, India of amethysts, Africa of rubies, England and France of diamonds—and valued at \$2,177,000.—New Illustrated Magazine.

## When the London Season Begins.

The "season" begins about the time parliament opens, and parliament's opening and closing depend more or less on fox hunting and grouse shooting. As the "season" approaches, court hours are broken up; secretaries busy themselves with lists and stationery, and the winter campaign begins immediately upon the family's return to town. As a London house is seldom needed for more than the formal entertainments of a season, it is in most cases hired; consequently, it is seldom attractive.

Acquaintances are entertained in the city, and friends are taken into the country to spend the week's end on the family estate, surrounded by the household gods and the most attractive side of all England. There the future members of the house of lords and the belles of some future drawing room ride donkeys, and the older people ride wheels and sit under English oaks and make little water color sketches, and it is easily seen why only social duties take them to London.—C. D. Gibson in Scribner's.

## Her Birthplace.

"Strange story that of the Georgia girl who carried a splinter in her foot 41 years, and then had it work out in a purified state!"

"Portified, did you say?"

"I'll bet anything that the girl was originally from Boston."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The feeling of friendliness between the British private and the Sudanese blacks is curiously warm. In fact, so attached do the Seventy-ninth Highlanders and the Ninth Sudanese that the latter are known as the "troops who the Second Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders."

## The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

## POETSMOUTH POST OFFICE.

MAILS ARRIVE

from New York, West and South, 10:00 a. m., 4:25, 6:50 p. m.  
Boston, 10:40 a. m., 1:30, 4:00, 5:40, 5:50, 6:30 p. m.  
St. Louis and way stations, 10:00 a. m., 5:20, 9:20 p. m.  
All points East, 7:20 a. m., 3:00, 9:40 p. m.  
Portland and way stations, 7:30, 11:30 a. m., 5:30, 9:30 p. m.  
Concord and points North, 10:30 a. m., 1:00, 5:30 p. m.  
Concord and way stations, 10:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m.  
North Conway and way stations, 11:00 a. m., 3:30, 9:30 p. m.  
Manchester and way stations, 11:30 a. m., 1:00, 5:30, 9:30 p. m.  
Dover, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:40 p. m.  
Newark, 10:20 a. m., 4:15 p. m.  
Westport, 10:25 a. m.  
Kittery and York, 10:25 a. m., 5:25 p. m.  
Milford, 9:25 a. m., 5:40 p. m.  
Sundays, 4:30 p. m.

## MAILS CLOSE.

for Boston, West and South, 7:45, 10:25 a. m., 4:25, 6:50 p. m.  
Boston and way stations, 10:55 a. m., 1:50, 5:31 p. m.  
All points East, 9:35 a. m., 1:50, 7:30 p. m.  
Portland and way stations, 9:45 a. m., 1:50, 5:25, 7:40 p. m.  
Concord and points North, 8:30, 9:25 a. m., 4:55 p. m.  
North Conway and way stations, 9:25 a. m., 3:30, 9:30 p. m.  
Manchester and way stations, 9:30, 12:30 a. m., 4:55 p. m.  
Dover, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:40 p. m.  
Newark, 10:20 a. m., 4:15 p. m.  
Westport, 10:25 a. m.  
Kittery and York, 10:25 a. m., 5:25 p. m.  
Milford, 9:25 a. m., 5:40 p. m.  
Sundays, 4:30 p. m.

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PUZZLED ALL AROUND

AN AMUSING INCIDENT THAT EXCITED A SLEEPING CAR.

A Mystery That Was Started by a Bridal Couple, Heightened by an Unembarrassed Young Man and Unveiled by the Dusky Porter.

The bridal couple boarded the train at Suspension Bridge. He was a smooth faced, well set up young man, and she was a sweet, pretty girl of a bride. There was a large, very hilarious company of wedding guests to see them off, and as the pair struggled from their carriage to the sleeping car they were almost lost to view in showers of rice and flying old shoes. Even this demonstration was not considered adequate, and a dozen or so young men followed them to their seats and poured streams of rice over them and down their backs until the train pulled out. While the crowd on the platform howled joyfully.

The young couple stood the ordeal with great courage, and after the train had started did so well that before long the rest of the passengers in the car left off watching them and began turning in.

The next morning the interest in them grew again, when section after section of the car was made up until the bridal couple's section stood alone with its curtains still drawn. This was the state of things at 8 o'clock, and at 8:30 there had been no change. Nine and a quarter past came round, and still there was no sign of life from the bridal section. When shortly after half past 9 a slight, mysterious movement was apparent behind the curtains, almost a sigh of relief went up from the rest of the car.

The movement continued, increased, until suddenly, after an especially violent agitation of the curtains, they parted sufficiently to let a young man slip between them into the aisle. His hair was rumpled and his coat collar turned up, and he carried a traveling bag and various articles of wearing apparel to be doctored in the washroom. As the young man hurried forward he seemed somewhat puzzled by the almost smiling interest of the rest of the car, but of embarrassment he showed not a trace.

When he had disappeared, the car settled itself to await the egress of the bride. But if she was about to make her appearance she showed no signs of it. Neither sound nor motion was discernible from the recesses behind the curtains. In a little while the young man came back showing the freshened effect of cold water and hairbrushes and moved the bottom of the curtains aside sufficiently to shove his bag under the berth. As he rose to his feet again the car saw that he was looking down reflectively at the cargo of rice which covered the floor. He continued to regard it for some time, fixedly. Then he raised his eyes and surveyed the car. There was a more or less unexpressed smile on every face, but the young man still showed no embarrassment. His eyes traveled down one side and back the other, and they were filled only with a calm thoughtfulness. Then he arranged the folds of the heavy curtains with laborious solicitude, and finally went forward again and whispered something to the porter. The car, to a passenger, would probably have gladly paid double fare to have heard those half dozen whispered words. The pretty mystery was assuming proportions. But the porter only said, "Yes, suh." And then the young man went over and sat down gravely in an end seat from where he looked smack into the face of every soul in the car.

By this time it was no longer interest that moved the inmates of the car. It was palpitation of the heart. The air was crisp with expectation. It seemed certain that the bride must now make her appearance.

The next moment the porter came down the aisle toward the bridal section. He was a fat and very black porter. For an instant he paused before the silent curtains. Then a thrill of horror ran through the car, and several men got half way to their feet. With two swift movements he had pulled the curtains wide apart and was thumping and pulling at something within. Another instant and horror had given way to amazement, and the inside of the berth immediately became visible to all who cared to see. The porter was making up the section. The bride had vanished!

The car turned swiftly to the hapless bridegroom on the front seat. An expression of Arcadian simplicity rested on his countenance.

A few moments later the porter started toward his linen closet, but half way down the aisle he was held up by half a dozen male passengers with wonder stricken faces.

"What has become of the bride?" they demanded.

The porter scratched his head and looked at them uncomprehendingly. Then he showed his teeth in a grin.

"Oh, the bridal couple w'at got on at Suspension Bridge?" he said. "They done left the train late last night. They didn't have their section made up. That gemman down in front of the car he had upper one, 'n' he kicked so I shifted him over soon as the bridal couple left."

The car turned again toward the young man on the front seat. "The expression of Arcadian simplicity was still with him. But for the first time across his face there glimmered a faint, thoughtful smile.

The half dozen male passengers and the porter held a moment's consultation in the middle of the car. Then they came forward, and one of their number said something in a low voice to the young man on the front seat. The young man rose to his feet still smiling thoughtfully. "I see," he said softly. "I don't care if I do."

As the crowd filed toward the buffet car some one in the rear of the procession began to whistle Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Then the passengers in the seats began to laugh.—New York Sun.

**Very Annoying.**

"I despise a person who whistles," said Mr. Blykins. "We have one in our office, and he worries me almost to death."

"Haven't you an ear for music?"

"Of course I have. There's the difficulty. Whenever I happen to be whistling to myself he invariably takes up the same tune and drowns me out."—Washington Star.

**They Don't Speak Now.**

"When I marry," said the young woman of advanced ideas, "I shall insist upon my husband taking my name."

"I would, too," replied the demure young woman promptly, "if I expected to get that sort of a man."—Chicago Post.

**Not Elastic.**

To a man who never can make his salary stretch from one pay day to the next a learned financial article on "The Elasticity of Our Currency" must seem bitter sarcasm.—New York Press.

NO CHANGES IN WEATHER

**Temperature and Rainfall as They Were Thousands of Years Ago.**

We find the "early" and the "late" rains today in Palestine precisely as described 3,500 years ago. "Jordan overflows all its banks" in February today exactly as it did in Joshua's time, 33 centuries ago. Plants taken from mummy cases in Egypt, which must have been gathered more than 5,000 years ago, are practically of the same size and have the same appearance as those growing today. Records of vitrages in France for over 700 years show practically the same dates as today. Actual observations of rainfall for over 200 years at St. Petersburg show no change appreciable to us, though, of course, the earliest observations were extremely crude and somewhat unreliable. Facts of this kind might be added to fill a small volume.

On the other hand, we have records of most extraordinary cold weather in ancient times. One winter the light wine in France froze. Another winter the river Rhine froze over so as to bear teams (an unheard of phenomenon today). In this journal for June it is stated that "Parnassus and Socrates, now free from snow, were covered with it in classic antiquity," also, "the name Greenland, which strikes us as so singularly inappropriate, was not inapplicable at the time it was named, in the fourteenth century."

It is entirely probable that descriptions of the cold in ancient times were much exaggerated. Parnassus and Socrates have snow at times, and in earlier days, when protection against the cold and snow was much less than now, a little snow would go a long way. The earlier voyagers from Iceland more than 1,000 years ago, leaving a land of almost perpetual ice and snow and reaching a land in summer, with its beautiful green color, to their unaccustomed eyes would very naturally give the name of Greenland to it. In the summer time, it is said, Greenland presents a most beautiful scene near the Danish settlements to this day.

Our oldest inhabitants, who have been wont to describe the terrible cold and deep snows in their boyhood days as incomparably greater than anything which does or can occur today, completely lost their reckoning in a recent winter when reading of a ship that had sunk in New York harbor by weight of the ice upon it; also that Washington had 34 inches of snow on a level and the lowest temperature ever noted in that fair city. A careful study will show no appreciable change in the climate of this earth since the early historic times. Of course, nothing here adduced touches climatic changes in glacial times or in prehistoric times, which changes have been established beyond question.—Popular Science.

**A Possible Cure For Founder.**

As many of your readers are owners of horses, let me tell them how I saved a valuable mare that was foundered. On a very hot day in July I let her drink from a branch (not cold). The next morning it took 15 minutes to get her out of the stable. She was so stiff she could not step over a door sill six inches high. I was 30 miles from home and obliged to be there next day. Well, after a good while we started, and by noon had traveled six miles. I stopped at a farmhouse for dinner. The mare refused to eat a bite.

"Cover her legs from her belly down to her hoofs with soft lye soap. Let it stay on an hour, then wash off with warm water. Wash two or three times, till soap is all off. Then get in and drive slowly home. Here is the cistern. There are a kettle and wood. My wife will get you the soap."

So said the farmer as he excused himself and hurried to the harvest field with his hands. I did as directed, arriving home about midnight. The next morning she was all right, and never showed a trace of the founder afterward.—Letter in Indianapolis Press.

She Got the Dress.

Rather a singular case, writes our Vienna correspondent, was recently brought before a Budapest judge for decision. A young girl appealed to him concerning a blue dress upon which she had set her heart, but her father refused to buy it for her. "No intelligent girl," she declared to the judge, "when she is on the lookout for a husband would go about simply dressed."

The father declared that he had already this year incurred the expense of three toilets for his daughter and a fourth was beyond his means. Many witnesses appeared, some bearing testimony to the goodness of the father, others to the extravagance of the daughter, and the judge suggested that if the blue dress had the desired effect it might relieve the father of any further toilet responsibilities.

This idea apparently threw a new light upon the subject. The father agreed to the purchase and left the court amicably with his daughter on his arm.—London Telegraph.

A Good Use For Allen.

Congressman John M. Allen of Mississippi once went all the way to New York from the south to attend a banquet. When he took his place at the board, he found himself set down for the last speech. His friends also saw the programme and, like himself, were annoyed at what they thought was thoughtlessness on the part of the committee.

The congressman listened to the long addresses and when his turn came prefaced his remarks thus:

"Gentlemen, I was somewhat at a loss at the opening of this feast to understand why you had asked me to come all the way from Mississippi to speak to you and then made my address the last number of your programme. Now it is all plain to me. You had to put a bright man at the last to hold the audience."—Saturday Evening Post.

Sympathetic.

Miss Radem—There is a world of sentiment in Tennyson's line—"And may there be no musing at the bar when I put out to sea."

Mr. Wauldenland—Yes, I see; didn't want the lawyer to feel bad.—Baltimore American.

Innuit Added to Injury.

"That woman editor hurt my feelings terribly."

"Did she say she had thrown your poetry in her wastebasket?"

"No; she said she had thrown it in her trash basket."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not Elastic.

To a man who never can make his salary stretch from one pay day to the next a learned financial article on "The Elasticity of Our Currency" must seem bitter sarcasm.—New York Press.

THE INFANTRY.

Time and Space and Number how Ever onward; none shall know Whence they came of Wars they go.

None shall know they will not land Their magic course nor land, Innate, with things that end.

None shall know the mind may sound Dreaming words and lead to bound To the wall-less prison round.

Winding sheet of woven shade, None shall cheer thy world evade; None shall know 'tis thou that said.

None, unless man, too, may climb Clear of bounds till Thought's self-line Conquer Number, Space and Time.

—Curtis Hidden Page in Century.

AN AFFABLE HIGHWAYMAN.

A Traveling Man's Story of a Night Ride in Louisiana.

"I once saved \$1,800 and my gold watch by giving a highwayman two drinks of whisky at just the proper time," said Bassell Howell of Rochester at the Casino House.

"He happened several years ago, when I was selling office furniture in Louisiana, and one night I missed a ferryboat on the Mississippi river and had to take a 20 mile drive in the dead of night through St. Landry parish. I went to the livery stable in a great rush just before midnight. I had to be in Opelousas, La., by early morning, and I was anxious to get started. The keeper of the livery stable said to me in reply to my demand for a rig:

"Yes, you can have the horse and buggy, but I don't know who you'll get to drive you over there. It's a pretty rough country."

"After much difficulty I found a negro who was willing to make the drive. There was no doubt about the roughness of the road. There were lumps of rock and other kinds of lumps, and part of the way lay through a heavily wooded country. The night was black as pitch. My driver carried on a cheerful conversation about men who had been waylaid, robbed and murdered along this very road, and I hid my \$1,800 in an inside pocket.

"Suddenly there were a shout and a curse, and our horse was stopped by a rough hand at the bridle. I remember that I shivered and that the driver grew limp and dropped the reins. But I had been dealing with country politicians, and I put on my jolly clothes from force of habit.

"See here, old man," I said in my heartiest manner, "let's have a drink!"

"I pulled out my whisky bottle and held it up where the light of his lantern shone on it. He recognized the red color of the real stuff, and he stepped up to the wagon and took the bottle from my hand. The long pull which he took worked a change in the man. He seemed to be a pretty good fellow. He accepted my invitation to climb up into the buggy, and he rode along with me. I kept him busy with conversation.

"The sky in the east began to grow gray, and we were nearing the town of Opelousas. The highwayman realized this, and he made a demand for my money. I pulled \$3 out of my pocket.

"Here, take it," I said; "it's all I have, but you'd better have another drink before you go."

"He looked at me, and I looked back at him frankly. During our short ride I had established a quick friendship. He seemed to think that it was unfair to take the last cent from a friend. So he took another drink, handed me back the bottle and jumped from the buggy."

"You're a good fellow, friend," he shouted. "Goodbye."

"And he disappeared in the woods."—Kansas City Journal.

Evading the Censor.

Censorship was maintained pretty rigidly during the Spanish-American war. Most of the correspondents faithfully observed the rules. Some others, however, tried various methods and devices to evade them. When Sampson sailed for Porto Rico in the early spring, a young correspondent of Key West who knew of the plan raised his brain to think of a way to communicate to his home office. Just as he was about to put to sea himself in a dispatch boat he sent a telegram to his office reading as follows:

"Tell father I have gone to Porto Rico."

He argued that this was a very simple cipher for the people in the office to read. He confided his great scheme to none of his associates and for a couple of weeks hugged himself with the idea that he had "beaten" them all.

When he returned to Key West, a telegram from his paper was banded him. He opened it, expecting to read congratulations and nearly fainted when he saw these words:

"Have made many inquiries, but have been unable to find your father."—New York Sun.

The Religion of Sovereigns.

Kings are rarely pious, though they are still more rarely unbelievers. There have been plenty of them upon European thrones, and the lives of few kings will bear study through an ethical microscope, but we can recall only one, King Frederick the Great of Prussia, who was a scoffing unbeliever. He even sneered at the British ambassador for saying that he would do something or other by "the help of God," and asked, with his nose in the air, whether the English counted God among their allies. "Yes, your majesty," was the crushing reply, "and the only ally who asks no subsidy from us." The temper displayed in Frederick's jest is, however, most unusual among sovereigns, and, though when they win victories they are often accused of hypocrisy for publicly professing their belief that God rules all, it is more probable in spite of their usual conduct, that the profession has been sincere.—Spectator.

Her Magnanimity.

"That was the most heartless thing I ever heard of."

"What was?"

"When Nell Gadsdell heard that Willie Budge, instead of shooting himself as he said he would when she broke her engagement, had gone and got Pannie Willings to promise to be his wife, she sent back his ring with a note in which she said she gave it up because she knew he couldn't afford to buy another, and she had found that there was a flaw in the stone, anyway."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Sympathy Is the feeling we have for people who have the same troubles and complaints that we have.—Indianapolis Journal.

Some people are never lonesome so long as they have a pimple and a bad glass.—Atchison Globe.

ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

Persons Born Sightless Have No Accurate Conception of Sight.

"What a profound mystery invests all the operations of our senses!" said a college professor of this city. "I was talking the other day with a very intelligent blind man. He had been blind from birth, but had received an excellent education and was fully as well informed as the average person one meets in cultured circles. He spoke freely of his inability, and finally I asked him whether he had ever succeeded in forming a clear mental conception of the sense of sight. He replied frankly that he had not, and then he asked me several very curious questions."

"The idea of color, he said, was a great puzzle to him, and he had never been able to obtain the slightest clew to what was meant when one said, for instance, that one thing was red and another thing was blue. 'Your color impressions are absolutely stationary, are they not?' he asked. The question startled me. It was so strange. Now, what could possibly have been in his mind? One would infer that he associated color with some sort of movement, yet when I asked him to explain he couldn't do it. He soon lost himself in words, sighed and gave it up. He understood, as nearly as I could gather, that the sense of sight somehow furnished us with information as to the size, shape and general character of surrounding objects, but I am satisfied, from his questions, that he had formed no idea whatever of the picture that is presented to the brain. He was unable to understand how a whole scene could be taken in at once. He could distinguish B flat on a violin, he said, but suppose the whole surrounding country was full of violins, all playing different airs? That seemed to him a good analogy for the various things in a landscape. I soon realized that explanation on either side was hopeless. There was a barrier of the inexplicable between us.

"I went away with an immensely increased respect for the teachers at institutes for the blind and deaf and dumb. It is a marvelous thing that they ever succeed in breaking into those sealed brains and bringing children so terribly handicapped into touch with their fellow beings."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A PAINFUL DREAM.

The One in Which You Imagine Yourself Partly Naked.

There is a painful class of dream which may be labeled the inadequately clothed dream. In this class of dream it occurs to us to come down from our bedrooms, to mingle in society, even sometimes to be presented at court or to take part in the highest and most solemn functions, in a costume that we should deem scarcely adequate if we had been just roused from our beds by a shout of "Fire!"

The degrees of this comparative nudity are very various, and it is remarkable that never, so far as I can learn, has human being (that is to say, in the temperate climes) ever in his dreams appeared before his fellows in an absolute Arcadian or jyllic lack of costume, but the costume is commonly very inadequate, so inadequate that the police would very rightly interfere in the bare interests of decency.

Indeed, that fear—the apprehension of police interference for the sake of the public morals—is a factor in the general uneasiness that we feel in our dreams in finding ourselves going abroad in such deshabille. For we are conscious of a measure of uneasiness, we can feel that we did wrong in not putting on this or that absolutely indispensable portion of our wardrobe before we left our room, but it is as nothing to the utter shame and horror that would overwhelm us were we really to find ourselves in such conditions.

And in the same degree the shock that our appearance gives our unfortunate friends among whom we show ourselves in such guise is not a circumstance to the pain those sensitive souls would receive if our appearance were a reality instead of a subjective fancy. Yet we retain a sufficient sense of shame to be very conscious of a very real relief when we wake to find that we have not behaved ourselves in such manner as to be the reprobaton of every right minded man and woman.—Longman's Magazine.

Sugar as Food.

Starch forms a considerable portion of our diet in one form or another, and all starch has to be converted into sugar by the saliva and intestinal juices before it can be assimilated. The action of these ferments breaks it up into simpler chemical compounds, so that it finally reaches the blood and muscles as dextrose, a form of sugar which can be burned to yield heat and muscular energy. The change required in sugar for its assimilation is very slight compared with that required for the digestion of starch.

It will thus be seen that the process of manufacturing sugar from its vegetable containers results in a product that for digestive purposes is comparable to partially digested starch, so that it is evident the substitution of sugar for starch is of advantage to the digestive system, since it does not burden the digestive tract and less force is required for its digestion and assimilation. Unfortunately, however, nature will not tolerate man's attempt to present concentrated chemically separated pure foods all ready for assimilation, except in limited amounts, and this is true of sugar, as of peptones, partially digested meats and similar foods.

How He Cured Her.

A young doctor took his best girl to the theater. The curtain was late in rising, and the young lady complained of feeling faint.

The doctor smiled sweetly upon her, took something out of his vest pocket and whispered to her to keep "the tablet" in her mouth, but not to swallow it.

She shyly placed it on her tongue and rolled it over and over, but it would not dissolve. She felt better, however.

When the performance was over, she slipped the tablet in her glove, being curious to examine at home this tasteless, indissoluble little substance which had given her such relief.

When alone in her room, she pulled off her glove, and out came a mother of pearl shirt button.

Explained.

He—I have no appetite. There is a rumbling in my stomach like a cart on a cobblestone pavement.

She—Perhaps it's the truck you ate for luncheon.—What to Eat.

Some business men fail because they waste their time fooling over trifles that they could hire a boy to attend to for \$2 a week.—Exchange.

A CLOSE BUSINESS MAN.

He Had the Tricks of Bargaining Reduced to Fine Art.

"Telling about mean men," remarked the Chamberlaine's storekeeper during a temporary lull in the evening's discussion, "I don't know as you could call John Nubbins (the old chap, you remember, who used to live on the Handlids place) mean exactly, but he was about the closest flogger I ever had any dealings with. One day Nubbins came into the store and wanted to know if I had any cheese for sale."

"Full cream or skim milk?" says I.

"How much is the full cream?" says he.

"Fourteen cents a pound in slices," says I, "but if you want a hull cheese I'll make it 12."

"That's purty steep, ain't it?" says Nubbins, leaning over the counter an help in himself to a sample hunk of the cheese. "I hear the storekeeper over at Buckwheat Ridge is sellin the best cream cheese sold for a shillin a pound."

"Well," says I, "you can buy a cheese just ez cheap here ez you kin at Buckwheat Ridge. If the price is a shillin there, you kin have it for the same. All you've got to do is to say how much you want. Don't want to take a hull one for 11 cents a pound, do you?"

"Guess not today," says Nubbins; "not at that figger. How do you sell your skim milk cheese?"

"I told him the price was 10 cents in slices, or 8 cents a pound for a hull cheese, an Nubbins said:

"'Couldn't make it 8 cents a pound?' 'I might, seein' it's fer you,' says I, 'but there ain't no profit in it at that figger. About how much of it shall I cut off fer you?"

"Well," says Nubbins, in his slow, easy goin drawl, ez he fished a 2 cent piece out of his pocket and clucked it down on the counter. "I reckon you can slice off a quarter of a pound an do it fer me. All I need terday is enough to bait a couple of mouse traps with, an if I should happen to want any more later on I'll call ag'in."—Woman's Home Companion.

Advantages of Vivisection.

Up to the time that Sir Charles Bell made his experiments on the nerves of the face it was the common custom of surgeons to divide the facial nerve for the relief of neuralgia, tic-doloreux, whereas it exercises, and was proved by Sir Charles Bell to exercise, no influence over sensation, and its division consequently for the relief of pain was a useless operation.

So far back as 1500 Frascatorius had said that phthisis (consumption) came by "the giving of the corrupt and not some humors of the patient into the lungs of a healthy man." Surely, if clinical experience could suffice, men would have made something out of this wisdom of Frascatorius. They made nothing of it: they waited three centuries for Villennin to inoculate the rabbits, and then the thing was done. En voila les preuves.

Thus within a few years experimenters on animals have set the subject of typhoid in a new light. They have given to everybody a new method for the diagnosis of obscure cases. They have illuminated some of the mysteries of immunity, and they have brought about preventive inoculation.—"Experiments on Animals," by Stephen Paget.

WEARERS OF WOODEN SHOES.

Not Confined to Foreigners, but Are Used in American Communities.

A wagonload of wooden shoes, such as are worn by European peasants, lay in a heap on the floor of a woodware dealer's store down town in New York the other day.

"Who wears 'em?" inquired the writer as he looked at the stock.

"More people than you would think," was the answer of the dealer, "and not only foreign born, old fashioned folks, but quite a number of Americans. Their chief sale is in winter. In fact, there is little or no call for them at any other season. Our customers are mostly dairymen, gardeners, farmers, brewers, dyers and men employed in slaughter houses. Chicken clangers in the dressed poultry business, who stand in feathers and steam wear them to save their shoe leather. Gardeners, wives and daughters wear them about home, and sometimes in the severest weather in the market."

"In the cold weather car, truck and cab drivers in New York and other cities wear them for the reason that they are warmer than any other footwear. Some drivers cover them with black cloth, or blacken them, and then tack old rubber or leather bootlegs to the top. Worn thus the thick soles are a great protection against frost and one's feet are always dry. They are also worn by street cleaners and men who work at paving roads, especially when hot asphalt is used, which is found to be very destructive to leather."

Wooden shoes are now sold by the thousand in New York. Some of them are made in Maine, but most of them come from Holland. They are made of birch, ash and hickory and sell retail at from 50 cents to \$1.20 a pair, according to finish and quality.—Washington Star.

Falling Walls at Fire.

Mr. Charles T. Hill contributes to St. Nicholas an article on "The Perils of a Fireman's Life," in the course of which he says:

There are several kinds of falling walls, and the fireman of experience knows them well and what to expect from each. There is one kind that breaks first at the bottom and comes down almost straight, some what like a curtain. This makes a big noise, but is not very much to be dreaded. Then there is another that bulges or "buckles" in the middle at first and makes a sort of curve as it descends. This is a little more serious than the first and has caused many fatalities. Then there is one that breaks at the bottom and comes straight out, reaching clear across the street and remaining almost solid until it strikes, and, as an old time fireman once remarked, "That's the kind you want to dodge."

This kind of "falling wall" has caused more of the deaths in the department than any other danger the firemen have to contend with. It has killed horses as well as men and destroyed apparatus, and it is so rapid in its descent and covers so much space that to escape it the men have to be quick indeed.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Scouring Syrup has been used for children's teeth. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea, twice daily with a teat.

No one would ever be bothered with constipation if everyone knew how naturally and quickly Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the stomach and bowels.

HE WAS A BOY AGAIN

AND HE SAW IN HIS MIND'S EYE THE CIRCUS OF HIS YOUTH.

Everything Was There, Animals, Pink Lemonade, Pennants and All, and the Concert After the Show, With the Clown's Comic Songs.

The stroller stopped in front of a gaudy circus poster—one of a series which ran down a block of fence on the side street. There was something familiar about it and something, he could not say what, which was not. The balance was on the side of the familiar, however, and a moment later he was under a spell. He was a boy again; his long trousers somehow had got short, and he was wearing stockings, and he knew where to find his hole in them, just below the knee cap, and just above there was a spot on his right leg which felt comfortably sore from playing marbles. His shoulders shrunk in a trice, his chest grew boyishly flat, and he felt like thumping it to see if he were in condition to swap punches with Jimmy Brown. His height grew less, and his face, a moment ago waiting for a shave and very bristly, was soft and hairless; also he was back in a little southern village, and over by the village store where he got cinnamon and where his father bought the thick shoes with the shiny brass tips which he could not kick through. He knew, because he had tried without even hurting his toes, which were uneasily waiting barefoot time.

The sun grew warmer, too, and the air had the flat, sweet, earthy odor it gets from the prairie land. He sniffed the air greedily. His heart leaped within him, his breath was short, and there was something too big for his front ribs inside. He was a boy. The circus was coming to town and on Saturday, and there would be a parade, and—his reach of his hand into a pocket which somehow seemed very small and pulled out his money—he had 35 cents, a two bits and two pennies—and his father had promised him two bits if he would be good, and that was 10 cents over for lemonade. Which would he take? Pink or the other kind? Maybe both, or popcorn and the pink, which looked and tasted both.

Now, however, he would look at all the pictures on the side of the village store. He would do it systematically and fairly, which was the most gratifying. He would walk down to the end with his eyes straight ahead and deny himself a single side glance at the lions and the elephants in pyramids, or the ladies in pink lying about in air, or the man shot out of the cannon, or the monkeys. No, he would go slowly and hold his breath at length over the lion taming.

Yes, there they were! The three rings in a tent a mile long, and high, and millions of people on the benches packed tight, and a lady hopping through a hoop on to a leaping white horse, and the clowns, and the acrobats, and the ring master, and the Japanese jugglers. He studied their faces in detail to see if he could recognize any of the clowns. Then he looked at the roaring lions. "Gee, but I hope it don't rain!" he said, thinking of the awful task it would be to wait until circus time if he didn't see the lions in the parade in their gold cazes. Incidentally he got ready his argument as to whether the lions could carry off Farmer Tates' old black bull, which served better than a watchdog in the orchard, and whether the sheriff's bloodhound, which caught the man who shot Johnny's uncle, could kill one of them. These arguments were to be used on the Brown boy, no matter which side he took.

Then there were the ostriches and the birds that were like ostriches, but didn't have such long feathers, and a pink bird. The elephants were in the next picture, and he wondered if the baby one was really that little and whether it ate only milk or would take peanuts. He would shell the peanuts first, if necessary. The wild west hunt spread away before him, and the butchers were so fearfully combated. He thought he would like to hunt buffaloes and could use the gun with little shot at the corners for squirrels. Robins, which were easy to hit, he would not shoot with a real gun. They were good enough for slugsshots, but—He wanted a gun. Next there were all sorts of queer things—cows with humps, gray little cows, and wolves and a thing which rolled itself up into a ball. He didn't know what it was. It was kinder like a mud turtle in some respects; but, as the postmaster said, "You couldn't never be sure." He would investigate that if the elephant and monkeys didn't take too much time.

This brought him to the end of the fence. There was the pink paper with big black letters. He thought it would have no fears for him; he would have 60 cents and could go in openly and didn't need to carry water for the elephants. He stuck his hands in his pockets and stepped back to read the sign with comfortable arrogance. But what was that?

"Concert after show. Clown's comic songs; 25 cents admission." Jimmie! He had forgotten that. He would have to give up the pink lemonade. But, no, that he would save 25 cents. He wanted to hear those clowns almost as bad as to see the elephants, and he wanted the pink lemonade, and the baby elephant had to be fed. Jim Jones would bring it he didn't. He might go into the tent after the show and see the animals and go to the concert, but most of the cages would be closed. He stopped to think.

To think he had to kick his toes into the ground, and he looked to see what sort of holes the brass tips were making. He had on dapper patent leather shoes and was old and in the city, had a college diploma and a good position. He pulled some money from his pocket and studied it idly. It was a \$10 bill. He would give it all to be just a boy and would be happy with the two bits and a dime and let the concert go, and father would be—Well, he'd go to the circus anyhow—just for old times—and borrow the landlady's boy and take him too.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Good Man's Gratitude.

Billings—Do you find that it pays to hire a physician by the year? Stockingham—Well, it paid me last year all right. Our doctor has kept my wife's mother in California for her health during the past 15 months, and I'm seriously thinking of raising his salary.—Chicago Times-Herald.



**THE HERALD.**  
 (Formerly The Evening Post)  
 ESTABLISHED SEPT. 23, 1834.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.

Terms \$4.00 a year, when paid in advance; single copies 10 cents. Delivery by mail, postage paid.

Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.

Communications should be addressed to:  
**HERALD PUBLISHING CO.,**  
 PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Telephone No. 21-3.  
**F. W. HARTFORD**  
**B. M. TILTON,**  
 Editors and Proprietors.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portsmouth, N. H., as second class mail matter.

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You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

**FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1900.**

All hands agree that Philadelphia is doing her best. It is intimated that she is also doing some of her visitors.

If matters come to the worst and foreign troops have to be sent to Pekin they will make the directory of that city look like a minced alphabet.

Expansion which expands, prosperity which prospers and progress which progresses are all features of McKinleyism. For particulars see the Philadelphia platform.

There are 400,000,000 of the Chinese, but the number may be somewhat reduced in case the other powers find it necessary to send their armies into the empire.

Chicago is so disappointed with the census returns that she cries "Foul!" and demands a recount. There is a good deal of the beaten-candidate spirit in that town.

Which would you rather be, the throneless emperor of China, or a barefooted truant with a cane pole seated on the banks of a creek where the fish bit freely?

Another quiet day in St. Louis. Nothing to relieve the monotony save the wreckage of three street cars with dynamite and the mobbing of one or two women.

Preliminary surveys show that the Philadelphia platform is bounded on the north by the Arctic circle, on the east by the waters lying just beyond Porto Rico, on the south by Central America and on the west by the eastern shore line of the Pacific ocean. These boundaries, however, are subject to enlargement without notice.

One has but to look at the market reports to see that the price of wheat is cavorting upward at a rate well calculated to make Bryan's mind ache. The wheat growers appear to have entered into a conspiracy with the odious "Money Power" for the purpose of having large gobs of fun with the Nebraska orator.

What is worst is that Bryan's bosh represents everything that is most fallacious in doctrine and utterance, and most dangerous to the peace, industry, prosperity and welfare of the country. Nobody who understands this can support the democratic party while the menace lasts—no matter what the objections to the republican party. For the republican programme, whatever its faults, doesn't lead to the pit of folly on main principles, nor straight into the valley of destruction.

Persons who have been overlooked by the census enumerators may comfort themselves with the statement of Supervisor Wilbur, to the effect that the work is by no means completed and will not be until next October. In the meantime those who have been neglected in the count have only to notify the supervisor of the fact and the omission will be promptly corrected. It was almost inevitable that there should be occasional lapses and errors in a task so vast as the enumeration of more than 3,000,000 persons, but the complaints received so far are surprisingly few, and the complete returns will show that the work was a whole has been performed with unusual promptness and accuracy.—Mail and Express.

A curious feature of the long record of charitable and educational donations in the United States is the growing frequency of cases in which the donors withhold their names. Since the beginning of the present year the total given by unknown donors is \$1,158,000. Two anonymous donors in New York have given a total of \$550,000 to charitable enterprises. Unknown benefactors have given \$100,000 to Columbia college, \$80,000 to Cornell, \$50,000 to Harvard, \$102,500 to the University of Chicago, \$100,000 to Barnard college, and \$50,000 to the Illinois Manual Training school. Other donations of smaller amounts bring the total to the figure named above.

## LEADERS CHOSEN.

### McKinley And Roosevelt Are The Standard Bearers.

#### Nominated By Acclamation Amidst The Wildest Enthusiasm.

#### The Great Day Of The Convention Marked By Thrilling Scenes.

Philadelphia, June 21.—The republican convention today named McKinley and Roosevelt as its ticket, and adjourned sine die.

The nominations were made amid the most vociferous enthusiasm, and both were carried by acclamation. Delegates and auditors vied with each other in making a perfect tumult of cheers and shouts.

McKinley's name, as first presented by Foraker, made a perfect cyclone. Roosevelt started up another wave, and so it ran on amid shouts and songs, waving of banners and tossing of hats for hours.

At the Massachusetts delegation meeting a telegram from Long was read which forbade the use of his name. The delegation voted to treat the language of the despatch as confidential.

A thrill went through the vast audience when Senator Lodge, the chairman of the convention, advanced to the front of the platform and announced: "Under the rules, nominations for the office of president of the United States are now in order."

There was a momentary shout, which the chairman punctuated with the words: "The state of Alabama is recognized."

A tall, swarthy Alabamian stood on his chair, and, by pre-arrangement, answered: "Alabama yields to Ohio."

This was the signal for the recognition of Senator Foraker, who was to make the speech nominating Mr. McKinley as the republican candidate for president.

Senator Foraker's reference to the record of the president in peace and in war as one of the most remarkable in history was received with applause that shook the hall. But it remained for his closing sentence, for the first time mentioning William McKinley by name as the nominee, to electrify the great multitude. Pandemonium broke loose. Former outbursts of enthusiasm paled before this cyclone of sound and movement.

At 12:37 the vote began. Each state voted for McKinley all the way down the roll.

At 12:45 p. m. enough states had voted for McKinley to nominate him.

At 12:50 p. m. Mr. Lodge announced that McKinley was nominated unanimously.

The tally clerks quickly made the official summary and handed it to the chairman. Mr. Lodge took the paper and advancing to the front of the stage said: "The total vote cast is 930. William McKinley has received 930 votes. It is a unanimous vote, and the chairman declares that William McKinley is your nominee for the presidency for the term beginning March 4th, 1901."

Again pandemonium broke loose in a swelling chorus of enthusiasm for the candidate. Up went the plumes and standards. Up stood the great audience, men and women, mingling their shouts and their frantic demonstration. Roosevelt's name was put in nomination by Col. Lafe Young, one of the Iowa delegates at-large, and editor of the Des Moines (Iowa) Capital.

Col. Young was in Cuba at the time Roosevelt led his gallant rough riders up San Juan hill and his reference to the governor's campaign was eloquent and touching. The demonstration which followed the announcement by Col. Young of Gov. Roosevelt as the candidate of the young men of the country who represented their desires and their ambitions and embodied their patriotism and Americanism was not second to that accorded the president's name.

The vast assemblage sprang to its feet and state emblems, pampas plumes, handkerchiefs and hats fairly filled the air. The band in the main gallery began to play "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight," and to the inspiring strains the delegates began marching around the hall, filing past Gov. Roosevelt as he sat in the New York delegation and extending to him their congratulations.

At 1:15 p. m. Roosevelt announced that his nomination was so spontaneous that he could not decline.

The nomination of Roosevelt was

unanimous with the exception of one missing vote of New York—the individual vote of Roosevelt.

The convention adjourned sine die without date.

The national committee re-elected Senator Hanna chairman of that committee.

## THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

### Advises From Our Admirals.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—Acting Secretary of the Navy Hackett received today a despatch from Admiral Kempf, at Chee-Poo, dated the 21st, saying that Tien Tsin is being bombarded and the American consulate and much of the foreign concessions is being destroyed. A relief force is on the way to Tien Tsin, including one hundred and thirty marines under command of Major Waller. Admiral Remy, from Manila, sent later in the day a supplementary despatch to his former brief one, saying that the Iris is about to depart from Manila for Taku. The Iris is a water boat, but this time she carries supplies for Admiral Kempf's little fleet, besides a quantity of good coal, which is much needed at Taku.

Remy Asks For Officers.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—The navy department expects soon to assign a number of officers for duty on the Asiatic station. Admiral Remy has asked the secretary for more officers and they will be supplied as soon as practicable.

## What London Hears.

LONDON, June 22, 2:00 A. M.—The United States gunboat Monocacy was two miles up the Tai-Ho river when the bombardment of the Taku forts by the foreign fleets began. According to the Shanghai correspondent of the Daily Express, she was shot through the bows. It is reported that Chinese riflemen on both sides of the river attacked her unsuccessfully. The British admiral does not believe the report of the death of Admiral Seymour, commander of the international relief force. Semi-official assurances have been given that there is not the slightest evidence to support such a report. It is pointed out that Admiral Seymour had sufficient supplies to reach Pekin or get back to Tien Tsin. As the semi-official statement says, "As it is not known that he did the latter, we hope that he did the former." A despatch to the Associated Press from Shanghai, yesterday, says: "The consuls met today to consider the situation, which, in the absence of news from Pekin, is regarded as threatening. There are grave fears as to the safety of the Europeans in Pekin." A despatch to the Daily Telegraph from Shanghai says that the missionaries at Tsang-Chou have arrived safely at Wei-hai Wei.

## PEMPROKE ACADEMY BURNED.

PEMPROKE, N. H., June 21.—Pembroke academy caught fire at six o'clock this evening and was totally destroyed. The library, consisting of several thousand volumes, and the pictures were all removed in a somewhat damaged condition. The loss on the building is \$3000, with an insurance of \$2000. The loss on the contents will be several thousand. The building was of brick and part of it was the original structure erected in 1818, when the academy was incorporated. The commencement exercises were held today, a class of eleven being graduated. The fire was probably caused by somebody smoking in an outbuilding.

## TRAIN GOES THROUGH A BRIDGE.

CARRIBOU, ME., June 21.—The entire through train on the Canadian Pacific railroad, from Edmonston to Aroostook Junction, consisting of seven freight cars, two passenger coaches and one baggage car, went through the second span of the Great Falls bridge, over the St. John's river, this morning. The conductor was seriously injured internally and may not recover. A commercial traveler named Smith also received severe injuries. General Passenger Agent McKinney had a shoulder broken.

## BASE BALL.

The following is the result of the games played in the National league yesterday:

New York 1, Boston 5; at New York, Philadelphia 6, Brooklyn 8; at Philadelphia.

The Chicago-Cincinnati game was prevented by rain.

Harvard 5, Yale 15; at Cambridge.

## NEW EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

PHILADELPHIA, June 21.—Mr. Hanna tonight announced the names of the members of the executive committee of the new national republican committee, as follows: H. C. Payne of Wisconsin, Joseph B. Manley of Maine, N. B. Scott of West Virginia, Harry E. New of Indiana and George L. Shoup of Idaho.

## DROPPED DEAD IN DEPOT.

CONCORD, June 21.—Lyman W. Colby, a well known photographer of Manchester, and member of the legislature from ward two, dropped dead in the Boston & Maine railroad station here at 7:06 o'clock tonight, while talking with Postmaster Knox and Edward W. Foraker of Manchester. Heart failure was the cause. Mr. Colby was sixty-five years of age and one of the most prominent residents of Manchester.

## WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—Forecast for New England: Showers Friday, cooler except on the southern coast; Saturday showers, brisk south winds.

## MICROBE PROFESSOR'S THEORY.

He Alleges That He Can Tell a Man's Malady by His Shoes.

"Have you ever noticed," said the microbe professor, "that people suffering from dyspepsia slide their feet when they walk? No? Well, they do, and I will explain it. After a lifelong study of the subject, I am able to say that I know what I am talking about, and the medical books and doctors be blowed! The microbes which cause dyspepsia enter the human system only between the toes. If a man had no toes or could walk on his hands, he would never be troubled with that nightmare of all diseases in the catalogue. The microbes entering the system through the toes as they do, the feet are first to feel the effect of them. When they reach the stomach, the entire body, of course, becomes affected, and the heavy feeling is general. But you will never see a dyspeptic who lifts his feet in a sprightly manner when he walks."

"I can sit here in my office and point out the ills of men and women as they pass along the street with as much precision as the best physician can after a careful and tedious diagnosis. Take a person with influenza or 'grip.' Just the opposite of the dyspeptic. Instead of dragging his feet he steps as high as a blind horse, all because the germs are in his head and his feet appear to be seven pounds each lighter than they ought to be. You have noticed it in your own case the morning after a celebration, when your head is heavy. Your feet will go a foot too high when you attempt to step upon the curb."

"Rheumatics always walk on the outside of their feet—that is, their ankles turn outward, while people affected with heart disease turn their ankles the other way. A man who has catarrh always wears the backs of the heels of his shoes, and one with weak eyes turns his toes in. A sufferer from any pulmonary disease walks largely on his toes. This comes from his continued gasping for breath. A deaf person always stamps his feet when walking, and one who has liver complaint takes short, irregular steps. I could go through the entire list of human ills and name the characteristic of each in relation to the feet. For the human citadel first begins to weaken at the bottom, and there the microbes make their first attack in many cases. Of course some microbes enter the system only through the palms of the hands, others through the eyelids, and others still under the finger nails."

"But give me a man's shoes in any case, and I will name his malady."—Kansas City Times.

## FISHING IN POLYNESIA.

Natives Hook the Finny Tribes With Fishhooks Grown on Trees.

A party of palm fishers are ready to set out from the little island of Nanomaga, the smallest but most thickly populated of the Ellice group. The night must be windless and moonless, the latter condition being absolutely indispensable, although, curiously enough, the fish will take the hook on an ordinary starlight night. Time after time have I tried my luck with either a growing or a waning moon, much to the amusement of the natives, and never once did I get a palu, although other nocturnal feeding fish bit freely enough, notably a monstrous species of sea perch called la-ha.

The tackle used by the natives is made of cocoanut sennit, four or eight strands, of great strength and capable of holding a 15 foot shark, should one of these prowlers seize the bait. The hook is made of wood—in fact, the same as is used for shark fishing—about one inch and a half in diameter, 14 inches in the shank, with a natural curve, the barb, or rather that which answers the purpose of a barb, being supplied by a small piece lashed horizontally across the top of the end of the curve.

These peculiar wooden hooks are grown. The roots of a tree called ngua, whose wood is of great toughness, are watched when they protrude from a bank and trimmed into the desired shape. Specimens of these may be seen in almost any ethnographical museum. To sink the line coral stones of three or four pounds weight are used, attached by a very thick piece of sennit, or bark, which, when the fish is struck, is always broken by its struggles and falls off, thus releasing the line from an unnecessary weight. It is no light task hauling in a thick, heavy line hanging straight up and down for a length of from 75 to 100 fathoms or more.—Chambers' Journal.

## Cut and Was Cut.

A card sharper who had evidently been doing the races joined a small group of farm servants in a public house. Failing to interest the company in the mysteries of the three card trick, he, in apparent sheer desperation, exclaimed:

"Well, look here, chaps, I'll bet any of you 5 shillings I can cut the ace of spades, any of you to shuffle and arrange a pack of cards as you like," at the same time producing the pack, which he pushed toward a likely victim, who agreed to receive the wager, took up the pack, shuffled them and then placed them on the table.

The sharper then took his knife and cut his pack clean through, at the same time saying: "There! I've cut the ace!" "Nay, that you haven't," quietly replied the yokel. "The ace o' spades is up my sleeve. See?"—London Answers.

It's a mistake to imagine that itching piles can't be cured; a mistake to suffer a day longer than you can help. Doan's Ointment brings instant relief and permanent cure. At any drug store, 50 cents.

## RENAN AS A REPORTER.

His Views on Women Criticized by Gaston Deschamps.

"Write an article, sir, upon Abou-Mohammed-at-Cassou ben Ali ben Mohammed ben Othman."

"That was the assignment given in 1855 to a young man who was looking for a place on a Paris newspaper."

"In short, sir," said he, smiling, "you want an article on Hamlet?"

"Precisely," said the editor. "Go ahead."

So he went ahead and wrote a splendid story on the great shiek who flourished in the eleventh century. But in order not to discourage the bank clerks and blacksmiths who "dream of glory in the domain of journalism" it may be well to whisper the fact in strict confidence that the young man in question was Ernest Renan and that the newspaper was the Journal des Debats.

Renan's next assignment was the Paris exposition of 1855. He treated the great fair with severity and even heaped ridicule upon it. He despised expositions. For him they were the height of frivolity, tending toward degeneracy. And, holy Sasan, he blamed the women for them all! "There is no doubt whatever," said he, "that at the present time feminine instincts occupy more space in the general physiognomy of the world than they did formerly. The world is more exclusively preoccupied just now with frivolities that formerly were looked upon as the exclusive property of women. Instead of asking men for great achievements, bold enterprises and heroic labors the women ask them for riches only, to satisfy a vulgar taste. The general movement of the world has put itself at the service of the instincts of woman, those splendid instincts through which she displays, more clearly than men can perhaps, the divine ideal of our nature, but the lower instincts, which form the least noble portion of her vocation."

Gaston Deschamps of the Figaro, commenting upon Renan's remarks, recently charged the woman of the present day with doing her utmost "to gather the apples, all the apples, that Eve the blond left hanging on the branches of the forbidden tree."—New York Sun.

## An Actress' Gown.

Your gowns at this stage of your existence may cause you great anguish of mind. I do not refer to their cost, but to their selection. You will not be allowed to say, "I will wear white," or "I will wear pink," because the etiquette of the theater gives the leading lady the first choice of colors, and after her the lady next in importance, you wearing what is left. In some New York theaters actresses have no word in the selection of their gowns. They receive "plates" from the hand of the manager and dress accordingly.—Clara Morris in Century.

## Russia's National Tipline.

Vodka is the destroyer of national character and domestic happiness in Russia. This deadly drink is seen on every table. It is simply another name for spirits of wine very little modified. Thousands of Russians every year become confirmed vodka drunkards, chiefly through the severity of the winter. It is a singular fact that religion and intemperance are closely allied together in Russia. Drunkenness is not accounted at all sinful by the vast majority of even the religious people.—New York Tribune.

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**PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.**

**WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.**

*A Guide for Visitors and Members.*

**OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. R.**

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Charles F. Cole, N. C.; Fred Gardner, P. C.; Charles E. Oliver, V. C.; Geo. E. M. Smiley, V. H.; E. P. Gidney, H. P.; True W. Priest, K. of E.; Allison L. Phinney, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; James Kehoe, S. H.

**PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 3, O. U. A. M.**

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month.

Officers—Edward Voudy, C.; George D. Richards, V. C.; Fred Joselyn, S. Ex.; Arthur Woodsum, J. Ex.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank Langley, T. S.; J. W. Marden, I.; Frank Walsh Ind.; Jas. Harold, Eian.; Joseph Waich, I. P.; Wm. P. Gardner, O. P.

**CITY OF PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, K. OF C.**

Meets at K. of C. Hall, High St., First and Third Thursdays of each Month.

Officers—Geo. S. Kirvan, G. K.; W. H. Lyons, M. D.; D. G. K.; Wm. McEvoy Chan.; James Whitman, Warden; J. E. Meegan, Fin. Sec.; Victor J. Murphy, Rec. Sec.; Daniel Casey, Treas.

**PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.**

Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.

Officers—True W. Priest, E. R. H. E. Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

**OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.**

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 8:00 o'clock.

Officers—Charles H. Kehoe, N. G.; George W. French, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

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Road Racer, \$50;  
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The lightest and easiest running bicycle in the world. Come and trade in your old wheel.

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Pure Havana.

## THE HERALD.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1900.]

### CITY BRIEFS

McKinley and Roosevelt.  
Now the campaign is on in earnest.  
Trolley parties were numerous on Thursday evening.  
Trade is reported to have been unusually good on Thursday.  
An asphalt walk is being placed about the Baptist church and chapel.  
Conner, photographer studio, (formerly Nickerson's), No. 1 Congress street.  
Rev. J. H. Jones of Providence, R. I., will preach at the Unitarian church on Sunday next.  
Rubber heels become very popular and John G. Mott is fitting out the local public with an excellent article.  
Monday is St. John's day and will be royally celebrated by DeWitt Clinton Commandery, Knights Templar, of this city.

The baseball game at the bicycle park next Thursday afternoon will be one of the most interesting of the season and a large crowd of cranks will be there.

The Daughters of the King connected with St. John's church are to have a strawberry festival, sale and entertainment in Peirce hall, next Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Arrived: Schooners C. C. Lane, Tuller, from Perth Amboy, with 550 tons of coal, and Childe Harold, Sweeney, from Philadelphia, with 1150 tons, both for J. A. & A. W. Walker.

In New Hampshire the census taking has ended, except for the special enumeration made necessary by the fact that certain persons could not be found by the regular enumerators and were reported to the office.

The Veteran firemen took out their new handbait, the Mobawck Chief, on Thursday evening for a trial, but a leakage in the air chambers was discovered and the trial was put off until the tub can be fixed up.

The schooner J. Arthur Lord, which is unloading coal at Gray & Prime's wharf, completed its first trip on arriving Thursday. During the November gale of 1898, this schooner was sunk off Vineyard Haven, and was not raised until a few weeks ago.

### HEARD ON THE STREET.

That the greater part of the strawberry season is over.

That the farmers would greatly appreciate a heavy rain.

That five crackers are beginning to pop about the streets.

That tickets for the High school reception are in great demand.

That the pupils of the High school express regret for the loss of their principal, Robert M. Brown.

That the Veteran firemen are bound to win the laurels next season.

That Sunday school picnics will soon be in order.

That the death of Robert Anderson is the first in the ranks of the Grand Army since Memorial day.

That work is booming at the new dry dock.

That many Portsmouth people will go to their summer homes, now the schools have closed.

That travel on the east bound trains is beginning to be heavy.

That the restaurants did a big business on Thursday noon.

That the Boys' Brigade go into camp at Wallis Sands next Monday.

That the cottages are being opened at the beaches.

That the street poller is again with us.

### PERSONALS

Miss Annie Philbrick of the Salem, Mass., Normal school, has arrived home to pass her vacation.

Mr. E. Lydston of Daniel street is attending the commencement exercises at the Harvard medical college.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherburne Merrill of Boston are the guests of Mrs. Frank Jones at her suburban residence.

Mrs. E. W. Spear of Edgewater on the Hudson, N. J., is visiting Capt. and Mrs. F. E. H. Marden, Hull street.

Warren C. Taylor, who has been the guest of Marcus M. Collins for a few days, has returned to his home at Arlington, Mass.

Stephen Flynn, of Somerville, Mass., an employee in the freight department of the Fitchburg railroad, in Boston, in the guest of his daughter, Mrs. James Brooks, Howard street.

### GUN CLUB.

The Portsmouth Gun Club is to hold an important meeting at the club house this evening. The officers will be elected, the committee on new grounds will report, and the question of holding shoots will also receive consideration.

## SCHOOL DAYS OVER FOR CLASS OF 1900.

### Thirty-Four Young Men and Women Given Diplomas.

#### SPLENDID ADDRESS OF DR. ARLO BATES TO THE GRADUATING CLASS.

#### The Exercises at Music Hall of a Most Appropriate and Interesting Nature.

With all the impressiveness befitting such an occasion the class of 1900, Portsmouth High school, numbering thirty four young men and women, were graduated today.

This important event in the lives of these young people was a most pleasant one, not only to themselves, but to those admiring parents and friends of the graduates, who feel better fitted for their part in the world, with a practical education after four years of training in our highest institution of learning.

The graduating exercises took place in Music hall and the order of the day was a much more satisfactory one than for several years. It was brief and most appropriate. Beautiful weather also favored the occasion.

The hall was filled with people. The number was made up not only of the parents and friends of the resident students, but a large number of the nearby townspeople were present. It was in fact a typical graduation audience. Everywhere were present the light, tasty gowns of the ladies and the more sober and sedate black of the gentlemen.

It was a pretty picture to see the company of young graduates, with the hope and vigor of their youth, ready to launch out into the activity that awaits them.

Long before three o'clock this afternoon, the throng of relatives and friends of the graduates began to gather at Music hall, and at the appointed hour every seat was filled.

The decorations were elegant and much credit is due the junior class to whom this honor was conferred, as is the custom. The decorations were red and green which were the class colors. Across the front of the stage on a background of overgreen was the class motto, "Euse Non Videri," made of beautiful red peonies. At the right of the stage were the figures '00, and the letters P. H. S., made of the same flowers, while overhead festoons of evergreen with bouquets of choice flowers completed the decorations.

Promptly at 3 o'clock the pianist, Miss Mary E. Whittier, started the march, and the three lower classes marched to the seats reserved for them in the front of the hall. As the classes reached their seats the graduating class advanced across the stage. The young ladies, were exquisite in gowns of pure white, with fluttering of ribbons, white slippers. Dainty fans completed the toilettes. The young gentlemen all wore dress suits of black, with white ties. The members of the class and their courses are as follows:

Classical course—Ellen Augusta Brackett, Harold Hotchkiss Bennett, Arthur Thomas O'Keefe, John Samuel Paul, Arthur Eugene Sewall.

Latin course—Susan Elizabeth Borthwick, Laura Sybil Canney, Margaret Louise Garrett, Mary Aston Hatch, Hattie Lillian Horton, Leonora Agnes Moses, Abbie O'Keefe, May Elizabeth Whittier, Albert Ruyter Hatch, Leon Earle Stinson.

English course—Bertha Jennie Beyer, Marion Francis Bowden, Ethel Marion Burrall, Lizzie Maria Ferrin, Ida May Foote, Ellen Marion Hawkes, Sarah Elizabeth Hayward, Harriet Ellen Newick, Emily Judson Peirce, Beattie Helen Tray, Josie Richards Rand, Etta Grace Pike, Alice Nelson Walker, Samuel Henry Ayers, Barry DeBorlorive Bradford, Arthur Gardner, Reginald Sise Jewett, James William Page, Charles William Philbrick.

Seated on the platform with the graduates were Principal Brown, Mayor McIntire, members of the school board and Arlo Bates A. M., the speaker of the afternoon.

When the classes were seated Principal Robert M. Brown advanced to the front and with a few remarks of welcome opened the graduation exercises. The exercises were in the following order:

In making the presentation of the gift, Harold Hotchkiss Bennett said:

With the advance of civilization, it is true that man has broadened his life and intellect, but it is also true that he has lost some of the superior qualities which his ancestors possessed and enjoyed. In the glorious days of Greece and Rome the development of the artistic and the poetic nature was almost universal and attained such a height as has never since been reached. In the present age, the manifestations of nature are explained by scientific investigation, but the inhabitant of the ancient world held an entirely different view of these phenomena. He personified all things and then created the most beautiful myths to account for their movements. Among the most interesting of these stories is the idea of the dawn. Of these, by far the noblest interpretation has been given to the world by Guido Reni, the famous Italian artist. His conception is one of the twelve masterpieces of art, and is on the ceiling of the Casino attached to the Rospigliosi palace in Rome. Although created long ago, the coloring remains so fresh that Hawthorne said it seemed as if it were painted with the morning sunshine which it represents. The genius of the artist is also revealed in the sense of rapid motion conveyed by the wind swept draperies, as well as by the vivacity and life put into the figures, which move onward in natural sequence. First, Aurora, the rosy-fingered dawn, draws aside the curtains before the portals of the day. Then follows Lucifer, opening the day for his master and lighting the eastern sky with his torch. In all his glory Apollo advances, standing in a chariot of gold, drawn by four fleet horses and surrounded by his attendants, the Hours. His undivided attention is given to the skillful guidance of his chariot and he heeds not at all the graceful company about him.

The unity of the entire group instantly attracts attention. All the motion is centered on the figure of Apollo and with his reins he seems to control not only his fiery steeds but the whole action as well. The hours representing in their number the time dominated by the sun, harmonize in line and movement with the remainder of the picture and fittingly draw to a close the glorious procession. While the effect of the magnificent coloring can never be grand in any copy, nevertheless there is enough here to suggest the excellence of the original and to lead our thoughts from purely material things to the lofty and sublime.

Mr. Chairman, in behalf of the class of 1900, I take great pleasure in presenting to you the representative of the city this picture. As we have been influenced by the gifts which former classes have left as memorials of their united interest, so may this picture symbolize the rapidity of the flight of time, the value of inspiration and the beauty and usefulness of each day of life.

The acceptance, Chairman of High School Committee. Name, "Voices of Western Wind," Paraphrase Address, The Use of Education, Arlo Bates, A. M., Litt. D.

The address of Dr. Bates was a masterly effort and his subject was one that appealed to the interests of the students. The utility of education was applied to the practical affairs of life, with helpful suggestions, while ideal standards were portrayed. He held the closest attention of the large audience and seldom does one listen to a more profitable discourse.

Music, "The King's Champion," Watson

The awarding of the Haven medals, an important feature of the graduation day in this city, was made by Col. John Ponder in most appropriate words, the medals being distributed as follows:

For highest standing in general scholarship and deportment during the first two years, Jennie M. Perkins.

For highest rank in mathematics of the first and second years, including algebra and geometry, Margaret Wiggins.

For attaining the highest rank in science through the course, including botany, physics, chemistry and physiography, Margaret Garrett.

Miss Garrett has also attained the highest rank in general scholarship and deportment during the last two years. The medal for the best essay written by the girls of the senior class was awarded to Susan E. Borthwick.

The medal for the best essay written by the boys of the senior class was awarded to Harold H. Bennett.

Master Bennett also reached the highest rank in general scholarship for the last two years, in Latin for four years and in Greek for three years.

Honorable mention was given: In mathematics to—Jennie W. Perkins, Bertha Bennett, Marion Miller, Louise Pryor.

In science to—James William Page, Leonora Moses, Albert R. Hatch.

In Latin to—Margaret Garrett, Arthur E. Sewell, Leonora Moses, May Whittier, Hattie L. Horton, Ellen A. Brackett.

In Greek to—Arthur E. Sewell, Arthur O'Keefe, Ellen A. Brackett.

Conferring of Diplomas, His Honor, Mayor Edward E. McIntire, Superintendent of Schools.

### CLASS ODE.

WRITTEN BY MARY ASTON HATCH.

Spring appears, retreats, advances,  
Wakening all the world again;  
Summer skies and gladdening sunshine  
Temper winds and chilly rain.  
So do Spring and Summer blending  
Make the beauty of the year,  
While the glorious wealth of Autumn  
Follows, queen like, in the rear.

In these changes of the seasons  
We can watch our lives unfold;  
Childhood with its wayward fancies—  
Youth with hopes and joys untold—  
Manhood in its strength and beauty,  
Gaining knowledge day by day—  
Manhood with its ripening wisdom,  
Aiding others by the way.

Onward 'Upward' is the keynote  
Nature sounds through all the land;  
From the greatest to the lowest,  
All things follow her command.  
Onward, upward, knowledge calls us;  
Let us follow in her train.  
Adding to the talents lent us,  
Truest wisdom we shall gain.

The music was by May E. Whittier.

This morning after the pupils of the High school had finished their rehearsal at Music hall, preparatory to graduation this afternoon, Sub master O'Leary stepped to the front and in behalf of the pupils of the school presented Principal Robert M. Brown a beautiful bound set of Shakespeare's works as a token of esteem in which Mr. Brown is held by the members of the school. Mr. Brown was greatly surprised but responded in a few words thanking the school for their generous gift.

This did not end Mr. O'Leary's pleasant surprise but stepped before Mrs. Averitt and presented her with a set of Victor Hugo's works in the French, a gift from the school. Mrs. Averitt was also greatly surprised, but thanked the school none the less heartily.

Mr. Brown and Mrs. Averitt finished their duties as teachers at the school this term, and the gifts were a fitting reminder of school days, between students and teachers.

### AT THE NAVY YARD.

The torpedo boat Dahlgren was already to sail on Thursday evening.

Gunnery Sergeant Hill, who was in charge of the marine detachment that left here on Thursday was married only this week. The day after the wedding he received orders to prepare for Manila.

A detachment of marines, consisting of one gunnery sergeant, a sergeant, two corporals and twenty privates, detailed from this navy yard to join the battalion that is being formed to go to Cavite, P. I., left Thursday afternoon on the 2.21 o'clock train for Boston.

### A RECORD IN BLOOD.

The record of Hood's Sarsaparilla is literally written in blood of millions of people to whom it has given good health. It is all the time curing diseases of the stomach, nerves, kidneys, and blood, and it is doing good every day to thousands who are taking it for poor appetite, tired feeling and general debility. It is the best medicine money can buy.

Hood's pills are non-irritating. Price 25 cents.

### OBSEQUES.

The funeral of J. Edwin Rider was held at the family residence on Pleasant street at three o'clock this afternoon. Rev. C. LeV. Brice of Christ Episcopal church, conducting the rites. Burial was in Harmony Grove cemetery under the direction of Mr. H. W. Nickerson.

### FUNERAL NOTICE.

The funeral of Robert Anderson will be held at the Church of the Immaculate Conception at eight o'clock on Saturday morning.

Croup, sore throat, pulmonary troubles—Monarch over pain of every sort. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

## SECOND QUARTERLY SESSION

Notable Meeting of Odd Ladies in This City.

The second quarterly session of the Odd Ladies' government, Massachusetts jurisdiction, was held in this city on Thursday, by special invitation of the Odd Ladies of Portsmouth. The exercises took place in Pythian hall, which was crowded with the members of the order.

The forenoon was devoted to routine work and the initiation of ten candidates. All this was behind closed doors.

The afternoon session commenced at two o'clock. Much important business was transacted.

Among those present were: Supreme Lady H. K. Wilson of Roxbury; Supreme Guard Elizabeth W. Rice of Roxbury; Past Supreme Guard Susan E. Mitchell, Hyde Park; Right Worthy Lady Governoress Rowena H. P. Bowles of Dorchester; Right Worthy Vice Lady Governoress Helen A. Atkins, Charles town; Right Worthy Grand Secretary Julia A. Burroughs; Right Worthy Grand Conductor Fannie M. Jones of Somerville; Government Guardian Hattie A. Williams, Roxbury; Financial Secretary H. A. Watson, East Boston; Frances A. Curtis, editress of Advocate; Past Worthy Past Lady Governoress Madeline Kelley of Dorchester; Past Supreme Lady Thalia Higgins, East Boston; Right Worthy Governoress Hattie Williams, Dorchester; Right Worthy Conductor Fannie M. Johnson, Somerville. Odd Ladies were present from Boston, Roxbury, Dorchester, Somerville, East Boston, Lynn, Mass., and other places.

The supreme board is composed of past lady governoresses, and was represented here by three members. The government which held the meeting of Thursday is composed of representative and past noble ladies of various lodges. The work of the government is to make the laws and settle all special matters or adjust any lodge matters requiring attention.

A large party of the visitors took a trolley ride to York Beach following the afternoon session.

### ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

Young Man at Dover Point Seriously Cuts His Throat, Thursday Night.

There was an attempt at suicide at the home of Thomas Pearl at Dover Point, at about midnight, Thursday night.

A young man named Eddie M. Meehan, who was stopping there, seriously cut his throat with a jack knife, but the Dover city physician who was called, saved his life. The police of Dover went with the doctor and made an investigation.

Meehan had been stopping at the place about two weeks and it is supposed that he became despondent over money matters and decided to end his life. He will recover. Several persons in this city are acquainted with Meehan and say that he is not a bad fellow.

### JOHN KEEFE AGAIN.

A Year's Imprisonment Faces Him at the Station, on Two Complaints.

John Keefe, the man who was on Thursday given a suspended sentence at the county house, on condition that he would get out of town before the noon hour, was arrested again that evening, drunk again. The arrest was made by Officers Murphy and Holbrook. He was locked up to await another trial and the six months he was promised by the court if he failed to comply with the conditions of the suspension will be added to the six he received on Thursday.

McLaughlin has not been seen since the court and it is evident that he improved his opportunity for liberty, which was under the same conditions allowed Keefe.

### THE FIRST FLAG UP.

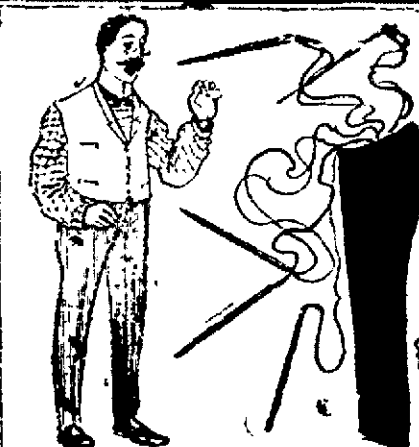
The first flag bearing the names of McKinley and Roosevelt, to be run up in this city, was hoisted by City Marshal Thomas Entwistle at his home on Cabot street this morning. The flag flies from a 65-foot staff and the names on the banner are the choice of the general head of the police department. He believes that they will be elected.

### WHO OWNS THIS DOG?

Robert E. Hodgkins has in his possession a fine full-blooded, Spaniel dog, female, which has a collar but no license number or name on the same, and the animal is evidently a pet and a valuable one, too. She is a jet black. The owner can have the same by making good his claims and paying for the advertising.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The treasurer of the Chase Home for Children would gratefully acknowledge \$4.35 received from the side show of the strawberry festival of the Universalist church.



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